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A terrible explosion occurred in the Wingate Grange Colliery on October 14. Twenty-four men were killed and 130 entombed. Magnificent rescue work was performed, and by the 16th all the survivors had been rescued. The bodies in the picture were brought to the surface on the top of the cage.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFÜRST made a fuss about something; the Kaiser made a fuss about Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, and we and our newspapers are still making a fuss about the Kaiser. But in all our fussing there is very little serious meaning, very little allowance for or even comprehension of the spirit and conditions of Germany. There are plenty of good people about just now who are telling us that we should not hate foreign nations. I will confine myself to expressing the aspiration that if we do hate foreign nations we may at least hate them intelligently. By all means hate the French if you want to; but do not hate them because they are careless, romantic, untrustworthy; because they are not. Hate them because they are thrifty, pessimistic, and bitterly practical; because they are. By all means dislike the Irish if you can, but do not dislike them because they are unfit for politics; dislike them on the ground that they are particularly fitted for politics, and screw out of Governments unfair advantages for themselves. Do not hate them for the absurd tag that they do not know what they want. Hate them for the excellent reason that they do know what they want and get it; Land Bills, for instance. And the case is exactly the same in this modern journalistic wrangle as to whether we shall or shall not hate Germany. Hate Germany by all means if it gives you any Christian comfort, but look at Germany first. Do not put down to exceptionally dreadful purposes or exceptionally sinister men things that are merely a part of the common colour and routine of another European nation. Do not see a German conspiracy where there is nothing but a German custom. Do not fill your newspapers with panics and furies about "significant utterances" and "sensational disclosures," which, to anyone who knows Germany at all, appear ultimately as absurd as if a German were to say that the British Empire claimed to annex the earth because of the phrase that the sun never sets on it, or that English soldiers were more bloody-minded than other soldiers because they wear red coats.

The German Emperor is a minor poet, and no doubt he does suffer from some of the faults of the artistic temperament. But it would be a vital misunderstanding of Germany to suppose that his superb fiats or solemn rebukes were the outcome merely of his own personal eccentricity or romanticism. He is just as much doing his duty as a German King when he is exalted and theatrical as King Edward VII. is doing his duty as an English King when he is agreeable, accessible, and a man of the world. It is a question of two national traditions. The Germans expect from a King what we call egoism, just as we expect from a King what we call tact. The whole reposes upon an entirely different conception of the proper pose or conduct of a governing class. The Germans like a King who remembers that he is a King. The English like a King who forgets that he is a King. The same phenomenon can be observed in the aristocracy of the two countries. The essence and whole virtue of a Prussian aristocrat is that he is stiff. The essence and whole virtue of an English aristocrat is that he is loose. Their typical kind of gentleman is like a Prussian noble whom I once met—made upon the ground-plan and main principle of a poker. Our typical kind of gentleman is a man like Mr. Balfour, who can be folded up like a foot-rule—a man who "sits" (in the words of Disraeli) "on his shoulders," the man who "rises" (in the words of Mr. Belloc) "as politicians do, by sections of his frame." We like a look of carelessness in the governing class; they do not. You may like or dislike the German way; you may like or dislike the English way; personally and emotionally, of course, I, being English, like the English way, and I think the German way horrid. But realise that in this imperfect world of ours faults go with English merits and merits with the German faults. Remember how much idleness, how much anarchy, how much amateurish politics and chaotic law go along with the ease and geniality of the English gentleman; remember that if the German ruler looks responsible, it is very often because he feels responsible; remember that the poor devil is really made to pass examinations; remember that he is made to learn something else besides amiability and cricket.

It is never easy to fix the nameless essential of a nation; but there is one test or dodge by which it may be almost done. The dodge is this: to take the two most divergent figures of that nation that one can possibly imagine, and then to ask oneself what they really have in common. There is something in common, for instance, between Walt Whitman and Artemus Ward: whatever that thing is, it is America. There is something in common between Rabelais and M. Combes: it is a certain bold banality, a cutting of strong-truisms in stone; it is a passion for the ordinary; it is France. There is something in common between a Scotchman like Hume and a Scotchman like Thomas

Carlyle: it is the close proximity of very abstract intellect with a kind of coarseness, which Stevenson sketched in "Weir of Hermiston," and which is the permanent paradox of Scotland. There is something which is Irish and which is common to an Irishman like William Blake and an Irishman like Parnell; to an Irishman like Edmund Burke and an Irishman like W. B. Yeats; to an Irishman like Sheridan and an Irishman like Bernard Shaw: it is fighting; it is Donnybrook Fair. Now if we apply this principle to such a case as that of the English and the German ruler, we can see the matter quite clearly. No two English Kings, I suppose, were ever more different than Charles II. and George III. No two Kings were ever in their own way more popular than Charles II. and George III. And in both cases you see the same essential of the English popular kinghood—the King who has forgotten his crown. George III. was admired because he behaved not like a King, but like a country gentleman. Charles II. was admired because he behaved not like a King, but like a—well, let us say, like a town gentleman. The one paraded his domesticity; the other paraded his lack of domesticity. Neither of them paraded his kingship. And the English enjoyed and admired this apparent obliviousness and ease; the less the monarch thought of the monarchy the more the people thought of it. The people liked to be always remembering what the King had forgotten. The people liked to be always picking up his crown when he had dropped it.

Now if we wish to do justice to Germany (and justice to Germany is much more important than peace with Germany, as the soul is more important than the body), we must always remember that there is a German spirit or atmosphere in this matter different from our own; and it might help us to remember it if we took, in the case of Germany also, the types of two very diverse Princes. To the ordinary English mind it would perhaps be difficult to imagine two men more different than the present Emperor William and the late Prince Consort. But if you think of them seriously, and with an attempt at sympathy, you will see that there is a distinct tone or quality common to the clamorous Kaiser, who reviews armies, and the silent Consort who encouraged picture galleries and exhibitions. They both have the fundamental German conception, the idea of the governing class as a grave body which educates the nation, pouring upon it a sort of paternal culture. Our aristocracy has quite as much power—it has more political power; but there has never been in it this educational notion; to my English instinct it appears priggish. The rich are as much our masters, but they are not so much our schoolmasters. To my feeling there is something even unchristian about such solemnity in an earthly hierarchy. Christianity has permitted aristocracy, but it has never permitted aristocracy to be taken seriously. It is Brahminism to take aristocracy seriously. And I do feel myself that it is a great merit in the English aristocracy that it cannot possibly be taken seriously.

Nevertheless, as I have said, we must understand this German thing even in order to dislike it. And we must not regard the Kaiser as a mountebank or an American advertiser merely because he, like all other German princes, is resolved to shout culture at his people or to drill them in art or music. He is a dabbler in the arts; but so was Frederick the Great. And so in a certain degree are all the typical German Kings, from his own mild and unobtrusive father to the mad King of Bavaria who galloped in armour in the moonlight. My own prejudices are rather on the rebellious side, and I am quite prepared to blame German despots for being despots. But I am not prepared to blame German despots for being German.

The length of this may serve to show how long it takes even to indicate the atmosphere of peoples; yet our contemporary journalists, both bellicose and pacific, always assume that it can be summed up in two or three established phrases. And, indeed, this is the one moral of the matter. There are many leaders (of whom Mr. Stead is typical), there are many newspapers, religious and other, who are always urging the cause of peace and the futile tragedy of war. Unfortunately, it often happens that these writers and journals are the very writers and the very journals who repeat as axioms the immense misrepresentations and misunderstandings which are the real possibility of cruel cleavages in Europe. Only too often it is the friends of peace who talk as if every Roman Catholic were superstitious, every Frenchman immoral, every American corrupt, every Russian oppressed, every German burdened with the caprices of an insane Emperor. Too often it is the friends of peace who say that Spain must be decaying because she is Popish. Too often it is the friends of peace who say that French newspapers must be contemptible because they are violent. No treaties and no conferences will really secure peace if these enormous bigotries are permitted to remain brooding over vast tracts of our continent. And if one attempts to lift even a corner of the veil it means writing voluminously and seemingly at random, as I have been doing for the last hour.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

WHEN the Battle of the Books, as the newspapers call it, began, I happened to walk into the study of my friend and college companion, Mr. Arthur K. Hackman. He is perhaps at once the most prolific and the least read of living authors. From a popular song (which was bitterly unpopular) to a treatise on "The Origin of the Belief in the Existence of Space," from a sixpenny novel to a tome on "The Colour Sense in the Salmon," Hackman has touched all subjects.

He is a member of the M.C.C., and of the British Academy of Letters; of the Royal and Ancient, and of the Roxburghe Club; of the Anthropological Institute, and of the Pure Dry Fly League. He writes three learned treatises yearly, lives on literary hackwork, and thinks that if he endured for a century he could destroy three scientific fallacies and all the works of the Press of Pure Reason, or whatever the thing is called.

Regarding Hackman as a successor to Mr. Chevy Chase in the position of "the most literary fellow alive," I naturally asked him what he thought about the feud between the *Times* and the publishers and booksellers and authors (I don't myself know what the authors think about it).

"Oh, do speak about something interesting!" said Hackman. "What do you think about the suppressed postscript of Mary's letter to Babington?" "I don't know the parties," I answered. "Are they relations of yours?"

Hackman merely snorted, and I continued to press him about the great economico-literary question.

"It comes to this, does it not?" said my friend, "that the *Times* wants to sell a bear of new books, to dump them down at a loss, for the purpose of getting more people to take in the *Times* ('a thing imagination boggles at'), and so obtain more advertisements? The result should be that for every person who takes in the *Times* a customer leaves the retail bookseller, so that, if the scheme prove ideally successful, the retail bookseller will perish of inanition—or, if a person of unusual energy and intelligence, may survive as a clerk in the *Times* Book Store. Is not that right?"

"I think so," said I.

"Well," said Hackman, "that appears to me to be a policy adored by Free Traders and the mass of our intelligent voters. On the other hand, if the publishers combine to boycott the *Times*, if they strike against the *Times*, and 'picket' and threaten, and bully any 'scabs' and 'blacklegs' in their trade who supply the *Times* with books, then they have the Trade Unionists with them, and *must* be in the right."

"So it seems to me," I replied.

"Then both parties to the dispute are in the full current of the *Zeitgeist*: so both are right, as the world wags, though they are in direct opposition to each other. The affair is what Mr. Haldane calls an 'Antinomy,' when he speaks of the Confession of Westminster; we have a reconciliation of contradictories, and I suppose that all concerned are Antinomians. Now, about that postscript, I think Phillips wrote it. . . ."

"Oh, bother your postscript," I cried. "Can't you be practical! Are you on the side of the *Times*, or of the publishers?" "Well," said Hackman, "I feel like the small boy who was umpiring when the bowler did not deliver the ball, but put down the wicket of the batsman when he followed up, and went out of his ground. The small umpire said—'I know it's out, but I call it beastly low form, and I say *Not Out*!' In the same way, I suppose that the policy of the *Times* is within the rules of the game, as at present played, but, morally, I agree with the small boy. It is not cricket. It is like Cambridge bowling wickets to prevent Oxford's follow-on. And Cambridge was licked. It was G. O. Smith's year, 1896."

"Then, if you were a publisher, you would go with the rest of them?"

"My country, right or wrong!" said Hackman. "I do not know whether I should be right or not, the ethics of the matter are misty, but I should stick to the flag."

"But," went on Hackman, reflectively. "The row is not the fault of the publishers, or of the booksellers, or of the *Times*, alone. The fault is with the public mainly, and partly with the authors." "I don't understand," I said. "Why, the public are like the father of Cathos and Madelon." "How your mind does run on girls," I said. "Who are Cathos and Madelon?" "The literary daughters of the illiterate Gorgibus, in a play by Molière," said Hackman. "They described their father as *terriblement enfoncé dans la matière*, up to the neck in the mud of material interests. The public, like Gorgibus, does not care a sou for the things of the intellect. They don't want new books that are not novels, or tattle about politicians and actors. They simply will not buy new books about things of real importance." "By things of real importance, my Arthur, you mean history, and anthropology, and Homeric criticism, and totems, and the subliminal . . ." "Yes," cried Hackman eagerly. "Have you seen that goose, Jastrow, on 'The Subconscious'?" Here he jumped up to get the book, a new one.

"A. K.," said I, "that is a new book. Did you buy it?" "No," said Hackman, "it was sent to me for review." "Would you have bought it with your own money if it had not been sent?" "Not if I could have got it in any other way." "Say from a circulating library?" "I do not use circulating libraries," said Hackman, "bar the London Library. The others keep you waiting for ever, if the book you want is not a novel, or tattle, and then don't send it."

"Then, Arthur, you are no better than the rest of the public. You funk buying a new book, even if it is on one of your own silly old subjects." "Look round you," said Hackman, "*circumspice*!" I did look round. Books were all over the place. The shelves were double-lined with books, and there were shelves on



every available inch of wall space. All the tables and chairs were piled with books. Hackman opened drawers; they were choked with books—jolly dull books they all were. "I'm a poor man," said Hackman, "I live in a small house, the books you see are books that I *must* have, and, though I buy a new book when I need it, and can't get it in any other way, you see why I do not buy many. But richer men buy none, and *that* is at the bottom of the mischief."

"It is like this," as the novelists say," went on Hackman. "The public won't buy new books. They get the trash they like from circulating libraries, which deliberately starve the demand for what is not trash. Consequently, new books of merit are only bought by a tiny circle of people who *must* have them. Consequently these people have to pay a high price, to recoup the publisher. Consequently the public cry that they do not buy books because the books are so dear. But if that sort of book were cheap, it would still not be bought. There is no disinterested care for the things of the mind. It sounds priggish, but it is true. The author cannot be very much worse off than he is. But I admit," said Hackman, "that perhaps the author deserves his luck. If he were a Macaulay or a Froude perhaps he would sell, but he is not. If the *Times*, or any similar large purchaser, bought as many of the author's books as he sells at present, I don't see how he would be worse off, personally, than he is at present. But I don't suppose that any circulating library will supply the books that are not novels."

"What do other authors say?"

"I don't know any authors," growled Hackman.

### THE PUBLISHERS' CAMPAIGN.

IN literary circles, and in that larger world of the reading public in which literature is not the first consideration, great interest has been excited by the quarrel between the *Times* Book Club and the publishers. The *Times* Book Club claims the right to sell books to its subscribers at a considerable reduction upon the published price as soon as it cares to treat them as second-hand works; and the publishers, through the Publishers' Association, claim that books should not be sold at a reduction within six months of publication. The *Times* claims the right to buy in the best market, and to regard the books it has bought as its absolute property, to deal with as it thinks fit, subject to its original pledge to the trade. Publishers threaten to refuse to supply the *Times* Book Club with their books at trade prices, and to withdraw their advertisements from the *Times*. It is said that these advertisements bring about £10,000 a year to the great newspaper in Printing House Square. The controversy has spread throughout the daily papers in fashion that would have been hailed with delight in the Silly Season, and a certain acrimonious tone has been allowed to creep in. The result of the contest between two powerful and well-organised interests will be followed with great interest, and it is possible that the controversy will not be without its effect upon publishing methods generally.

### THE LORD MAYOR IN PARIS.

THE visit of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London to Paris has been in every way successful. The President of the Paris Municipal Council was visited in state, and M. Fallières held a reception in honour of the visitors at the Elysée. The dinner at the Hôtel de Ville, to which some six hundred people sat down, was followed by a ball, for which fifteen hundred invitations were issued. The comments of the French Press could not be more friendly, and the kindly interest which is taken by Paris in its visitors from across the Channel is unmistakably genuine.

### THE WAR STORES COMMISSION.

THE Report of the South African War Stores Commission has been considered by the War Office, and in communicating his judgment to the public Mr. Haldane remarks that it is impossible for a General Officer to undertake the double responsibility of command and administrative detail. "You cannot supervise supply and command troops at the same time," says Mr. Haldane, and the system inaugurated last year may help to remove difficulties. The War Office authorities censure seven officers, deprive four of seniority, and have called upon five to retire, while granting them any retired pay to which their services may entitle them. One officer is retired and loses additional retired pay; another is removed from the Army without retiring allowance. Nine warrant and non-commissioned officers are discharged for misconduct, while some twenty officers and non-commissioned officers form a little group of men whose cases do not call for any action.

### THE WINGATE COLLIERY DISASTER.

ABOUT midnight on Sunday last a terrible explosion occurred at the Wingate Colliery, near Castle Eden, at a time when some two hundred men had gone down to prepare the workings for the hewers. The explosion occurred in a part of the mine known as the Low Main seam. About one hundred and thirty men were shut up by the explosion, and of these more than twenty were killed. The colliery was opened more than seventy years ago, and there has never been an explosion in it before. As far as can be gathered at the time of writing, the dead were suffocated, but, strangely enough, the explosion missed the stables, where nearly all the ponies were found alive. Many officials of the Durham Mining Association were to be found among the rescue parties, and everything was done to bring speedy relief to the entombed miners.

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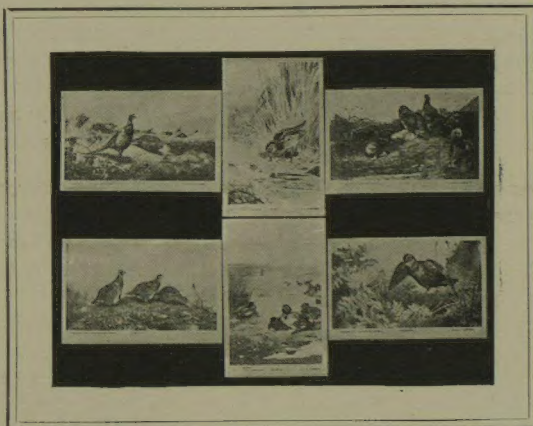
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# FRENZY ON A FRENCH RACECOURSE: THE LONGCHAMP RIOT.

DRAWN BY RUDEAUX.



"OUR MONEY BACK!": THE PILLAGE AND BURNING OF THE PARI-MUTUEL BOOTHS BY A DISAPPOINTED MOB AT LONGCHAMP, OCTOBER 14.

In the race for the Free Handicap, owing to a premature rise of the gate, several horses, including Storm, the favourite, failed to start, and a rank outsider won. The mob in the franc enclosure broke down the railings, raided and set fire to the Pari-Mutuel booths, and seized the money, for which they scrambled and fought with each other viciously, using chairs and palings. Order was with great difficulty restored by the military. M. Reveillaud, a Deputy, has given notice of a Bill to abolish the Pari-Mutuel, which he classes with bull-fighting, cock-fighting, and opium-smoking.

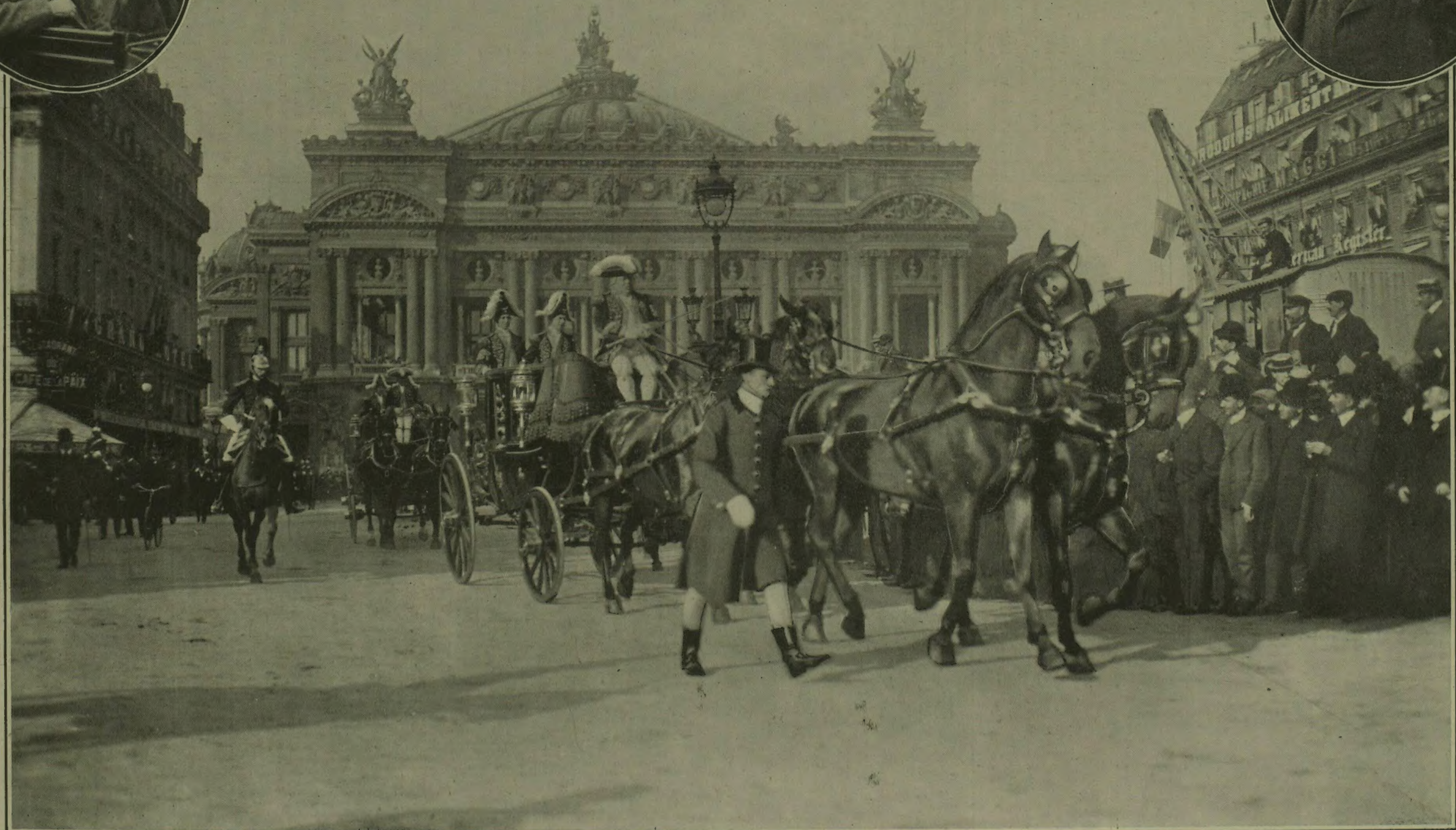


# THE CIVIC POMP OF LONDON IN THE EYES OF THE PARISIANS.

THE LORD MAYOR WITH THE DIRECTRESS OF  
THE PARIS BRANCH OF THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY  
SOCIETY.—[Photo. Hutin, Trampus.]

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

LORD MAYOR VAUGHAN MORGAN EN ROUTE  
FOR PARIS: A PLEASANT SNAPSHOT AT  
BOULOGNE.—[Universal Photo.]



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 20, 1906.—549

"VIVENT LES PERRUQUES!"—THE PARISIANS' JOY OVER THE LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN AND HIS WIG.

The Lord Mayor himself has been a delight to the Parisians, but his glory has been equalled by that of his portly coachman. What the enthusiasm would have been had the glass state coach been taken over to Paris instead of a dress-carriage it is impossible to say. The Parisians hailed the coachman as "Master Wright," and as the procession passed they shouted "Vivent les perruques!" Our photograph was taken in the Place de l'Opéra.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## Portraits.

Sir Richard Tangye, who died on Oct. 14, was the son of a Cornish miner. He made his fortune by his engineering inventions. He and his brother Joseph, when quite young men began to manufacture tools for Cornish workmen. Joseph invented a new hydraulic jack which came to the notice of Brunel just when he was in want of some powerful machinery to help him in launching the *Great Eastern*. Sir Richard used to say, "We launched the *Great Eastern*, and she launched us." The brothers removed to Birmingham, where they founded the great firm of Tangye Brothers, now one of the largest concerns in the kingdom.

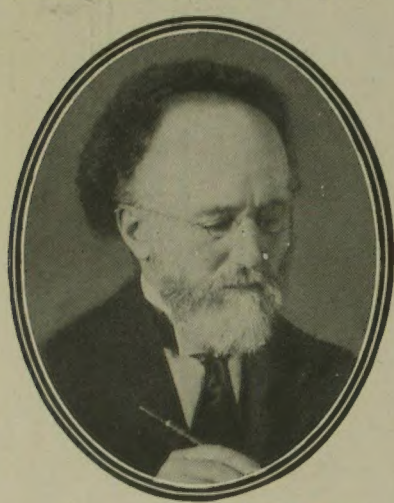


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR RICHARD TANGYE,  
Famous Engineer.

Sir Richard's benefactions to Birmingham were munificent; the Art Gallery and the School of Art were his gift.

Princess Louise of Orléans, whose engagement to Prince Carlos of Bourbon has just been announced, is



Photo. Reutlinger.  
PRINCESS LOUISE OF ORLÉANS,  
Engaged to Prince Carlos of Bourbon.

the daughter of the late Comte de Paris. She is the sister of the Queen of Portugal, and of the Duchesse d'Aosta.

The Most Rev. William Bennett Bond, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal and Primate of All Canada, died last week. The venerable Archbishop was in his ninety-second year. Dr. Bond was born at Truro on Sept. 10, 1815. On that day the bells were rung in his birthplace in celebration of the victory of Waterloo, the news of which had only just penetrated to that remote part of England—three months after the battle had been fought. He was appointed to be Bishop of Montreal, and in 1901 became Archbishop and Primate of All Canada, being at the time of his death the oldest episcopal dignitary in active work.

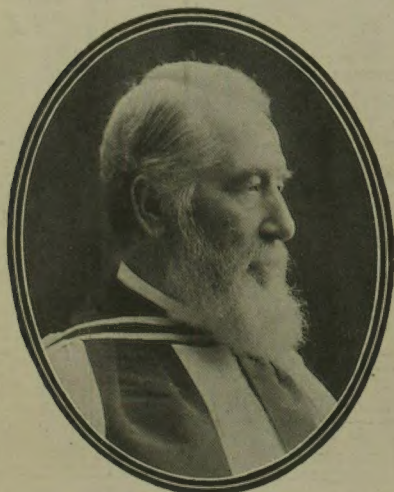


Photo. Nofman.  
THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

The Right Rev. Arthur Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto since 1879, has been appointed Primate of All Canada. He was born in 1834, and was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. From 1865 to 1873 he was Head

Master of Hellmuth College, London, Ontario. He has been the Secretary to the Diocesan Synod, Secretary to the Canadian House of Bishops, Canon of Huron, and Archdeacon of Brant and Rector of Woodstock, Ontario.

Mr. Stefano Gatti, the principal shareholder in Gatti's Restaurant, died on Oct. 12. He was the survivor of the two Brothers Gatti, whose names are associated with the Adelaide Gallery in the Strand, where the firm carries on its business. The Brothers Gatti were also very successful in theatrical undertakings. For a time they held Covent Garden, and organised the Promenade Concerts. During their proprietorship of the Adelphi Theatre they produced a long series of melodramas—notably by Buchanan, Wilkie Collins, and Pettitt.

Mrs. Lewis Hill, the widow of Mr. Sam Lewis, the money-lender, died on Oct. 13 at 16, Grosvenor Square. She was a generous benefactress to many medical and other charities, and to the King Edward Hospital Fund she gave an annual subscription of £10,000. She founded the Ada Lewis musical scholarships, and the Ada Lewis Nursing Institute. She married Captain Hill.

Mr. Cyril Dodd, K.C., has been appointed Judge of County Courts (Circuit 16) in room of the late Judge Raikes. Mr. Dodd is the son of the Rev. J. Dodd. He

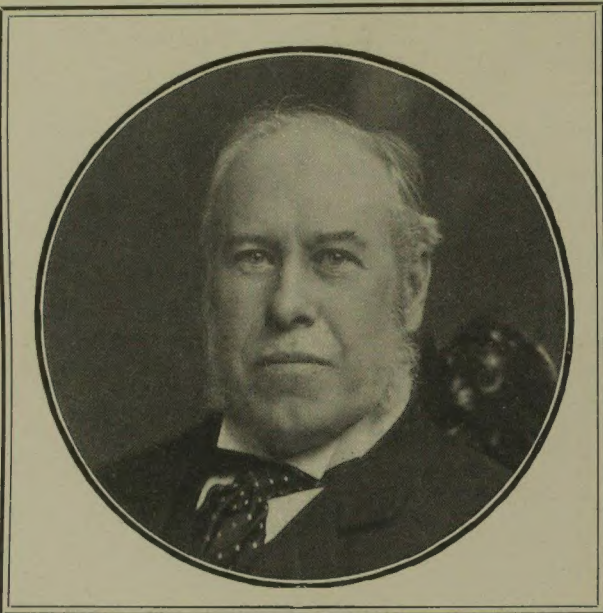
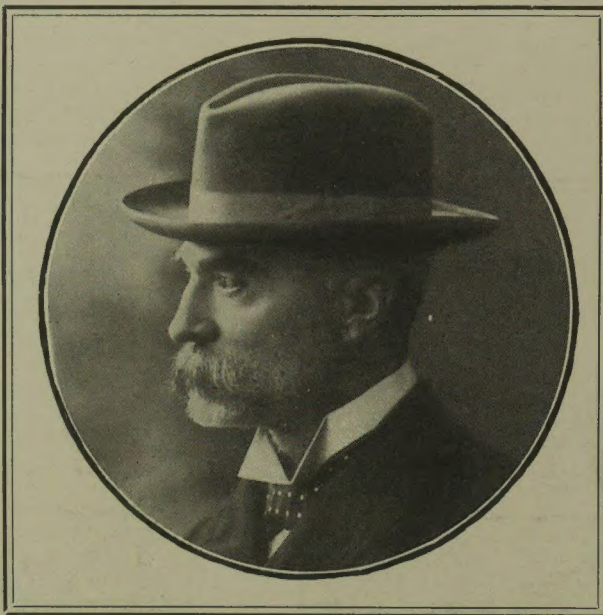


Photo. Russell.  
MR. CYRIL DODD, K.C.,  
New County Court Judge.

was educated at Shrewsbury and Merton College, Oxford, where he took a First Class in Mathematics. He was called to the Bar in 1869, and in 1896 became a Bencher of the Inner Temple. From 1892 to 1895 he sat in Parliament for the Maldon Division of Essex. His publications include "The Law of Light Railways."

Captain L. A. W. Barnes Lawrence, R.N., Harbour Master at Hong-kong, has died as the result of exposure during the typhoon of Sept. 18. There is no doubt that



THE LATE CAPTAIN BARNES LAWRENCE, R.N.,  
Harbour Master at Hong-kong.

Captain Lawrence met his death in the faithful discharge of his duties. He was born in 1855, and was the fourth son of the late Rev. Canon Barnes Lawrence, of Birken Rectory, Yorkshire. He entered the Navy from the *Britannia*, and saw active service against the Kaffirs and the Zulus and in the Egyptian campaign. For his services in Egypt he was mentioned in dispatches and decorated. In 1892 he was promoted Commander, and was employed in the Navy Intelligence Department; in 1904 he received his appointment at Hong-kong. Captain Lawrence did a great deal of philanthropic work, and it was in a large measure through his exertion that the Soldiers and Sailors' Home at Gibraltar was erected.

## The Hohenlohe Memoirs.

The Memoirs of the late Prince Hohenlohe, third Chancellor of the German Empire, have been published in the past week in Berlin, and have created an extraordinary sensation. Nobody quite knows what

has inspired Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, second son of the late Chancellor, to publish his father's memoirs, and it is significant that his resignation of the office of President of Upper Alsace has been accepted by the Kaiser. Only last week, his Majesty telegraphed to Prince Philip, the head of the house, to express his "amazement and indignation" at the publication of "most private conversations" between the late Prince and his master on the subject of Prince Bismarck. There can be no doubt that this telegram, like so many others that the Kaiser has sent in his time, was an unfortunate one. It has drawn public attention to the memoirs so effectively that the entire first edition of 10,000 copies has been exhausted. If we may judge the Memoirs by the copious extracts that have been sent to the English Press, there is ample justification for the excitement they created in Berlin, and the curious feelings they must have aroused in Vienna and St. Petersburg. Prince Bismarck, to whom the Empire owes so much, is seen in very ugly colours. Perhaps Moritz Busch had

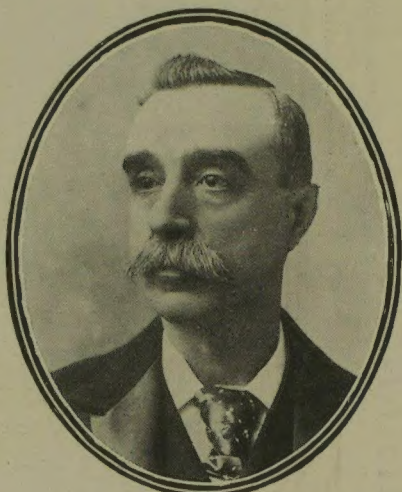


Photo. Ellis and Watery.  
THE LATE STEFANO GATTI,  
Famous Restaurateur.



Photo. Lambert Weston.  
THE LATE MRS. ADA LEWIS HILL,  
Widow of Mr. Sam Lewis.

prepared us in a way for these revelations, but they show us that Bismarck was ready to sacrifice the peace of Europe to his ambitions, that he was prepared to tamper with the Triple Alliance, and carry out his famous reinsurance policy with Russia to an extent that passed the bounds of common honesty. The persistence of his efforts to isolate France, and the story of the intrigue against that honest man, Count Caprivi, make very unpleasant reading, and one cannot escape from the one conclusion to which these memoirs point—that the ambitions of Germany, if they have not been very much modified since Bismarck passed from power, form a menace to the peace of Europe. It is too early to estimate the full effect of these indiscreet revelations, but it may be remarked that if the habit of publishing the secrets of Foreign Offices is encouraged, the whole machine of diplomacy will be thrown out of gear.

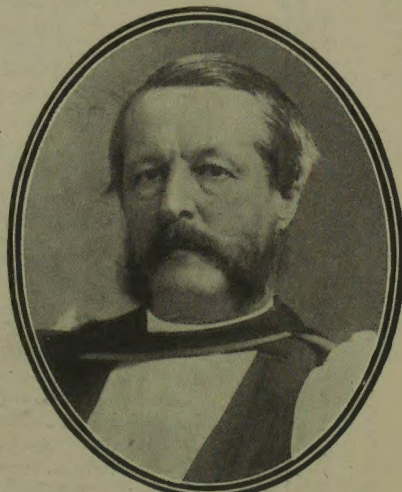
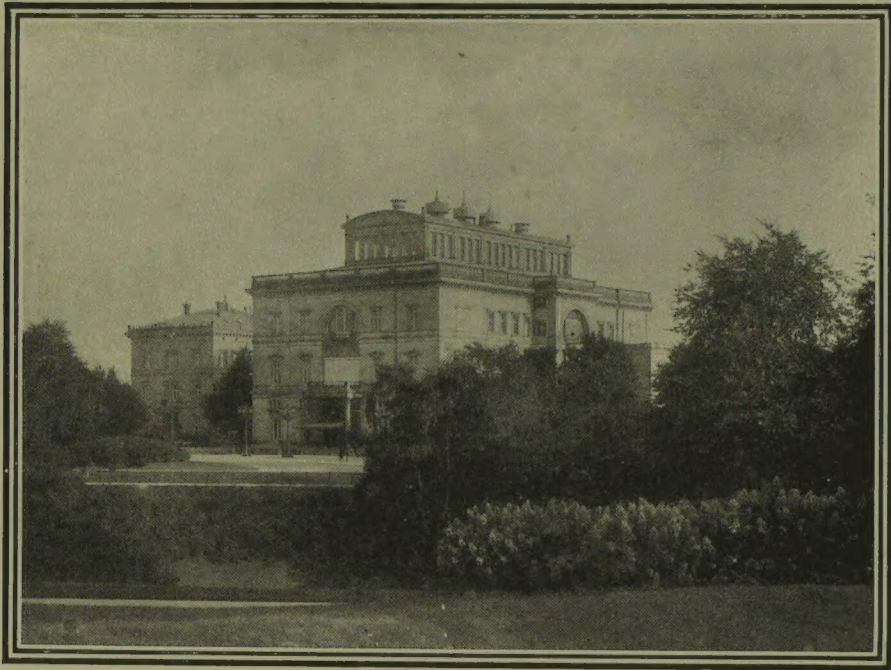


Photo. Russell.  
BISHOP SWEATMAN OF TORONTO,  
New Primate of All Canada.



## A PICTORIAL RECORD OF INTERESTING THINGS.



THE VILLA HUEGEL: THE RESIDENCE OF FRAU KRUPP.



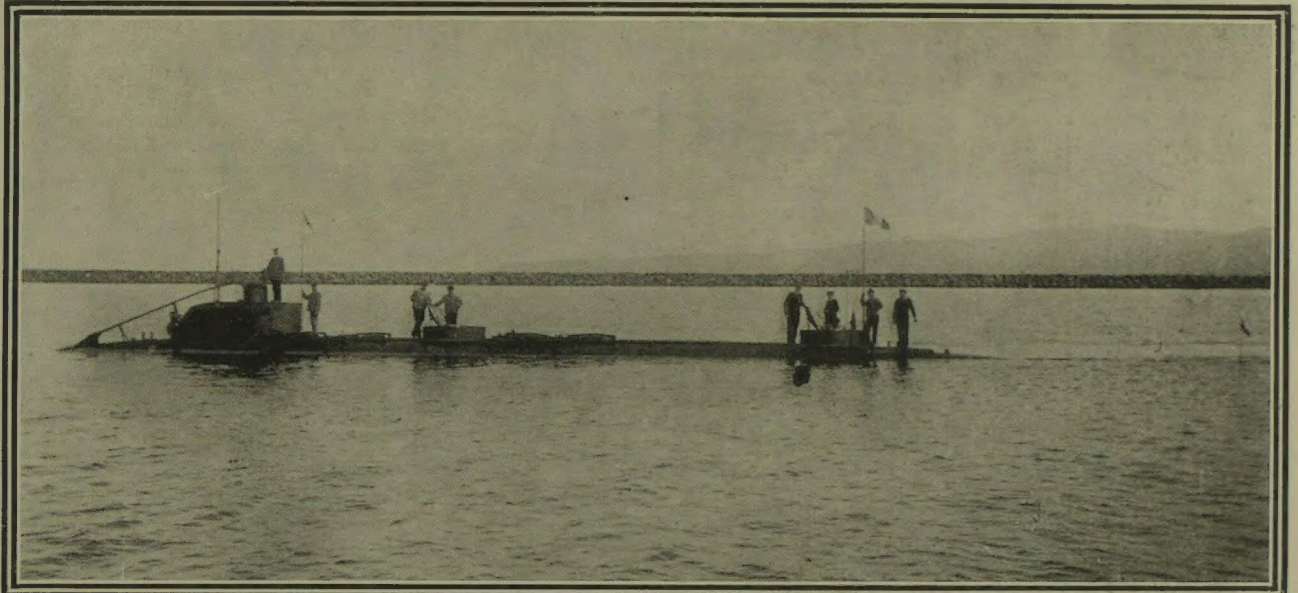
THE DINING-ROOM, WHERE THE WEDDING BREAKFAST WAS HELD.

**THE WEDDING THE KAISER ATTENDED: THE SCENE OF THE MARRIAGE OF FRÄULEIN BERTHA KRUPP WITH DR. KRUPP VON BOHLEN AND HALBACH.**  
Fräulein Bertha Krupp is the eldest daughter of the late Alfred Krupp, the famous gun-maker. Her wedding with Dr. von Bohlen and Halbach, Councillor of Legation in the German Diplomatic Service, was celebrated on October 15 at the Villa Huegel, near Essen. The Kaiser was the chief guest, and one of his wedding-presents to the bride was a patent permitting her husband to change his name to Krupp von Bohlen. At the wedding breakfast the Kaiser made an eloquent speech. Addressing the bride, he said: "To you, my dear Bertha, God has appointed a magnificent field of interest; from your influence may joy in toil spring. May the Krupp works continue to furnish the Fatherland with weapons of offence and defence such as no other nation can obtain." The marriage aroused little enthusiasm among the Krupp workpeople in Essen.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS PICTURE AGENCY.]



THE KRUPP WEDDING: A CORNER IN VILLA HUEGEL LIBRARY.

Villa Huegel, the home of Frau Krupp, widow of the great German gun-maker, is one of the most splendid of private palaces. This corner of the library is a great favourite with the family.



THE CLASS OF THE "LUTIN," THE MISSING FRENCH SUBMARINE.

At Biserta, on October 15, the submarine "Lutin" left the harbour for submersion. About ten o'clock she had not reappeared, and salvage work was immediately undertaken. Two torpedo-boats and three tugs went in search of her. The water was dragged, and at the spot where the submarine disappeared an obstacle was encountered at a depth of 40 metres. The crew numbered fourteen. The "Lutin" was built at Rochefort in 1901; she is 135 feet long, 9½ feet beam, and 9½ feet draught. Her speed was 12½ knots on the surface, and 8 knots under water. The "Farfadet," here shown, is her sister-ship.



THE RIVAL TEAMS: FRONT ROW AMERICAN, BACK ROW ENGLISH.



COLONEL APPLETON AND COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SHOOTING MATCH: THE RIVAL TEAMS AND CAPTAINS.

The match between the Queen's Westminsters and the 7th Regiment of Militia, New York, for the International Shield, was shot at Long Island on October 1 and 2. The result was a victory for the Americans, who scored 1648 at the four ranges against the British 1588. Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, speaking at the Westminsters' Drill Hall on his return, said that the Americans' victory was due to their better application of science to rifle-shooting and to their superior system of coaching.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAZARNICK.]



# THE 800<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY OF ELY CATHEDRAL: THE SECOND LONGEST GOTHIC MINSTER IN EUROPE.

THE WEST TOWERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITH.

THE WEST FRONT.



THE REREDOS.

A GENERAL VIEW OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

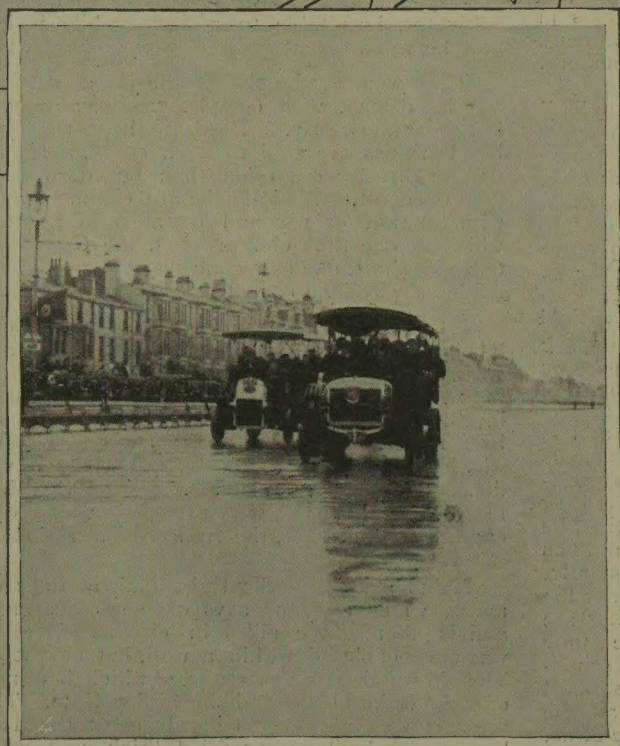
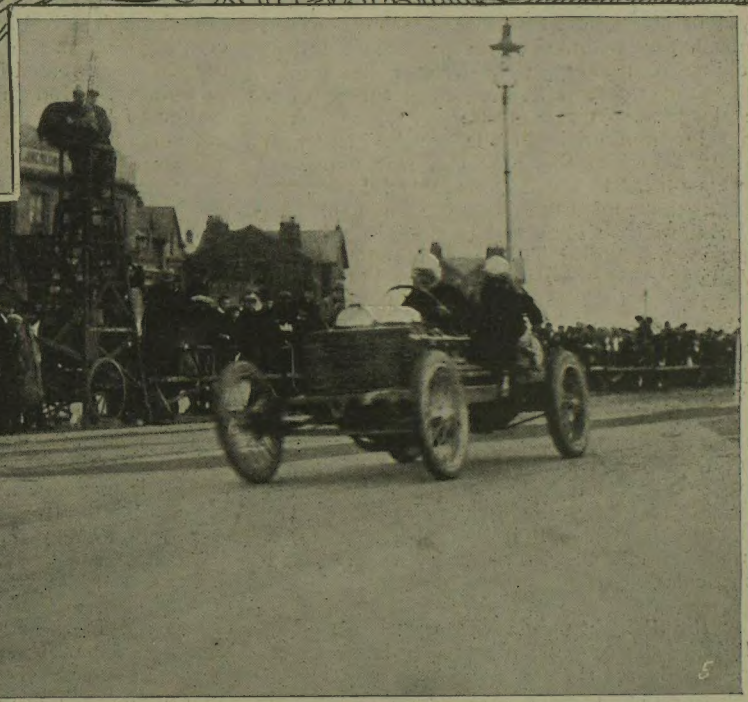
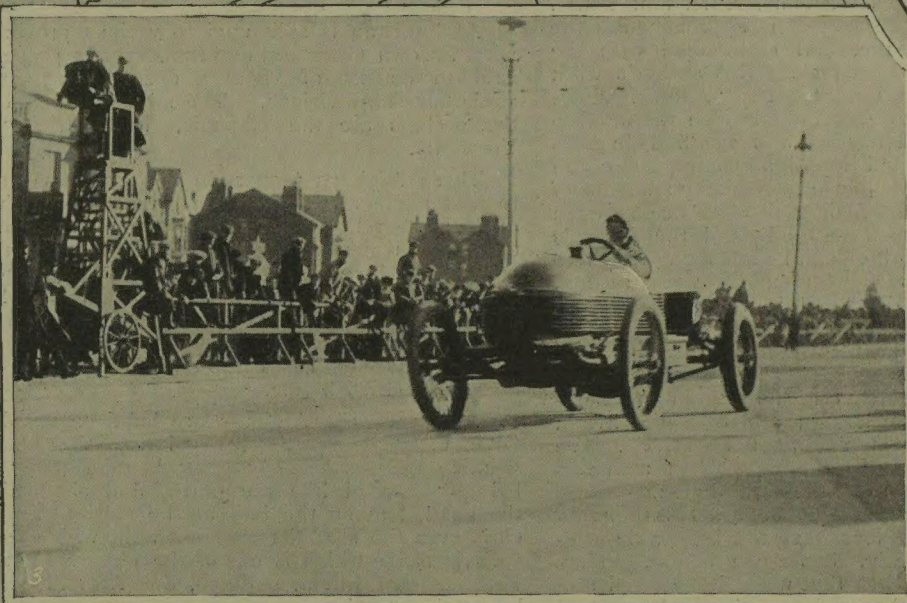
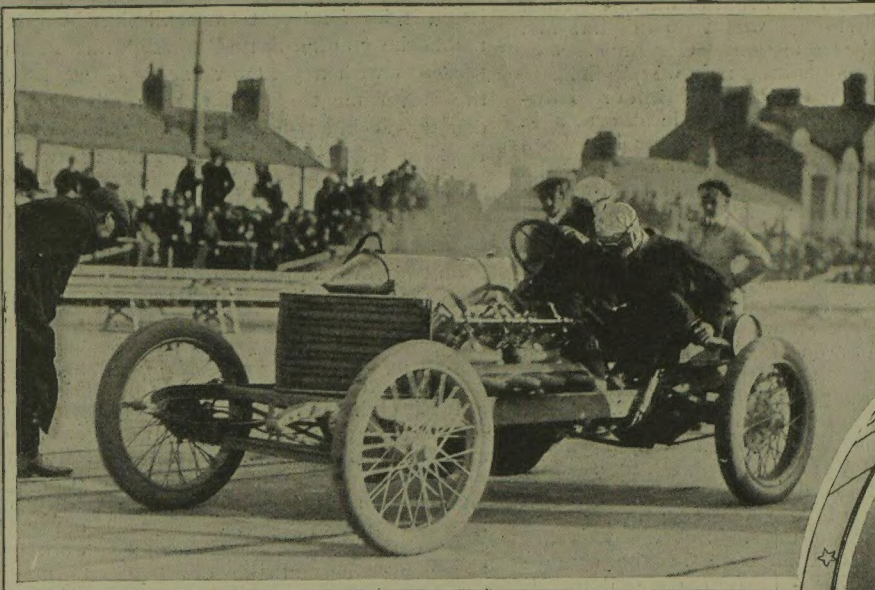
THE CHOIR SCREEN.

The diocese of Ely was established in 1107, but the church was already in existence at that time. The earliest church, with a monastery and nunnery, was founded in 673 by Etheldreda. The present Cathedral was begun in 1081. The principal parts of the pile are the Galilee Porch, the West Tower, the West Transept, the Central Octagon, the Nave, the Choir, the Presbytery, and the Main Transept and the Lady Chapel. The entire length of the building is 517 feet. The western tower is found in no other British cathedral except Bangor and Manchester.



# THE RECORD-BREAKING MOTOR DERBY AT BLACKPOOL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



1. THE 200-H.P. DARRACQ WITH WHICH MR. LEE GUINNESS BROKE THE RECORD FOR THE STANDING KILOMETRE.
3. AN UNUSUALLY POWERFUL CAR FOR A LADY; MISS DOROTHY LEVITT MAKING THE NINETY-SIX MILES AN HOUR RECORD ON A 90-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.
4. A MOTOR 'BUS RACE; A GOOD FINISH.

2. THE RECORD-BREAKER FOR THE STANDING KILOMETRE: MR. A. LEE GUINNESS.
5. MR. LEE GUINNESS MAKING THE RECORD STANDING KILOMETRE IN 32 AND 3-5 SECONDS.

The third International Motor Car Race Meeting at Blackpool finished on October 13 with the establishment of some new records. Mr. A. Lee Guinness on a 200-h.p. Darracq broke the record for the standing kilometre with the time of 32 and 3-5 seconds. His speed was 68.61 miles an hour. Miss Dorothy Levitt made the Ladies' Record of 96 miles an hour on a 90-h.p. six-cylinder Napier, said to be the finest thousand-kilogramme car ever built. Her handling of the enormously powerful machine is said to have been a study in skilful driving.



## IRVING, AND OTHER THEMES.

THERE is nothing of the conventional "Life"—that most lifeless thing—about Mr. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" (Heinemann). Very wisely, Mr. Stoker strays little from the path his title sets him: he does not concern himself with those facts that bookmakers batten on. He says practically nothing of the great actor's earliest days; they are not in the scheme of things as he knows them. Of Irving under Dr. Pinches we hear nothing; nothing of him at Thacker's; little of him when he came under the rule of that other, stronger Dr. Pinches whose Academy is in the darker corners of the earth. Mr. Stoker first met the man whose "right hand" he was to become in 1867, when Irving had already had eleven years' traffic of the stage, and not again until 1871, when "Two Roses" was being played at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. When he joined him, at the end of 1878, Irving was, of course, firmly set on the road of fame, and was on the eve of beginning his memorable management of the Lyceum. It is thus all the more remarkable that Mr. Stoker, dealing with one who lived under limelight, whose personality was familiar to all, of whom countless stories are told, has produced a book that contains so little that has been common property. The "newness" of the work is, indeed, amazing, although such "newness" might best have been expected from Mr. Stoker. The most interesting personal touches in the volumes, and the most pathetic, are, perhaps, those that tell the story of the turning of the tide, the slow receding of good fortune and good health. In 1898, Irving, "the man of steel and whipcord," began to feel the strain. He was playing in "Madame Sans-Gêne" in Glasgow, and Mr. Stoker found him in his dressing-room, costumed as Napoleon, his face drawn with pain. "I think there is something wrong with me," he said. "Every breath I draw is like a sword stab." There was something wrong, but Irving would not disappoint his audience. He played his part, then went to bed with pneumonia and pleurisy. For seven weeks he lay ill—his valet was in tears: "He is like Gregory Brewster," he said. Then he began the fight again, battling persistently with his weakness, until the tragic end. Truly, "Henry Irving had undertaken to play the game of life; and he played it well. Right up to the very last hour of his life, when he was at work he would not think of himself. He would play as he had ever played: to the best of his power, in the fulness of his intention, with the last ounce of his strength."

We have waited with a very considerable amount of interest for the second book by the author of "The Red Cravat." That extremely individual first novel carried Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard well within the circle of those from whom great things were to be expected. We do not say that his new story, "Running Horse Inn" (Macmillan), takes him into the still narrower circle of those who have realised them, but at least it does not cloud our belief in his landing there one day. In "Running Horse Inn" Mr. Sheppard turns to tragedy. It is a story of the last days of George III., the earliest days of George IV. We are not, as in the earlier novel, taken abroad; the scene is English, almost entirely on Kentish ground: War is exacting its toll of misery and want, and the Cato Street Conspiracy, the desperate fruit of these evils, supplies a historical episode for a crisis in the tragic history of George Kennett. In him the effects of war upon the individual, in his spiritual as well as his material fortunes, are illustrated, as those upon the country as a whole are in the history of the Kentish inn and in the ill-conceived and futile uprising of Arthur Thistlewood and his companions. While Mr. Sheppard thus exhibits his powers in new fields, the qualities most remarkable in "The Red Cravat" are those which still impress us most. There is here, perhaps, an improvement in construction, but the story loses in originality on that very account. The author, we mean to say, discovers in it a facility for a neat and almost mechanical arrangement of scene and incident, which is not the most promising sign. The weight of the story is sensibly decreased in consequence. On the other hand, his sentiment is always right, and his use of comic relief generally tactful. He makes upon us the impression that he has ample stores in reserve upon which to draw—stores of a broad humour in particular.

Notoriously the British public will not read solid books on Indian subjects by men who have spent their lives in the East. Does it delight in the impressions of globe-trotters? If so, it may be recommended to take up Mr. Parnell Kerr's notes of travel, "From Charing Cross to Delhi" (Unwin), which is bright and amusing, and sensible so long as the author is in his depth. His short preface raises our hopes, but then within ten pages he makes a French conductor say—"Nous avons arrivés." If a traveller cannot reproduce three words of colloquial French correctly at Marseilles, what have we to hope when he gets east of Suez? Mr. Kerr is, however, better than his promise, avoids the ordinary blunders, and brings some originality and a great deal of freshness to bear on matters that have often been discussed. If he had studied the Indian vernacular Press more closely he could hardly have said that we were "sitting on the safety-valve." And he seems to approve the National Congress view that the mental gifts which make a Hindu a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge are those which should enable him to govern a province. Still, he sums up concisely the opposing arguments of the average Anglo-Indian and the Congress-wallah. His book is good to read, and he is so responsive to the attraction of India that everyone who read Mr. Abbott's pedantic and depressing volume should go to Mr. Kerr for an antidote.

It is a far cry from Wat Tyler to the Tariff Reform League, but Mr. Jesse Collings in his "Land Reform: Occupying, Ownership, Peasant Proprietary and Rural Education" (Longmans) strides easily over the centuries.

He has tried to cover far too much ground, and his matter is not very well arranged. But the book deserves serious attention. Mr. Collings dwells on the national importance of agriculture. Most of our reformers seem to think that it does not matter if England becomes a welter of large towns, unable either to supply herself with food, or to put an army of vigorous men into the field in the event of war. Whether the extension of small holdings would do all that Mr. Collings expects is another question. Our race seems to have become urban in its instincts: do we not flock to the towns even in South Africa and Australia? However this may be, Mr. Collings has little difficulty in showing that the education of our villagers has been on wrong lines and that small proprietary holdings are free from the worst vices of that dual ownership which has been such an obvious failure in Ireland that our politicians want to try it in England and Scotland. Further, he connects his programme with the general Tariff Reform scheme by observing that all Cobden's predictions have been falsified by the actual course of events. The book shows the result of patient study and long reflection on the practical problems involved. It contains an enormous mass of information on English rural history, and its account of the long-continued process of enclosure of common lands by which the English peasant has been turned into a casual labourer is of great and melancholy interest. Mr. Collings, in fact, disinters and makes clear a great many things which none of us learned in the English History lessons of our school-days. But he does not know how to present his knowledge in the concise and effective form that these hurried days demand. Probably his book will for years to come provide writers of short articles with all they need, but we fear that the public at large will not take the trouble to discover how much of interest lies in its pages.

Dr. Frazer, author of that famous study in magic and religion, "The Golden Bough," has expanded certain sections of the work to the form in which they will appear in a third edition, and published them in book form. He deals at length with three of the great figures of the early religion of the Orient—Adonis, Attis, and Osiris. As might be expected, the subject is approached in the light of a vast knowledge, and is handled with the charm of style that ensures for all this author's work a welcome place in the library. In "Adonis, Attis, Osiris" (Macmillan), Dr. Frazer deals with the worship of Adonis at Byblus and Paphos, and then finds in Attis and Osiris the Phrygian and Egyptian counterparts of the first-named god. It must have struck many students of old faiths that there is a startling resemblance between the powers attributed to these gods and the festivals held in their honour, but there can be few living men who have followed the question with such close care and constant study as are displayed in the volume under notice. Perhaps, too, there are few who would venture to argue so boldly from the facts that study can gather. Dr. Frazer's courage is only equalled by knowledge. The three deities were gods of fertility and generation; each died and rose again; and their death and resurrection were represented at annual festivals. We see through all this that in the days when man was creating God for the first time, the natural phenomena of the seasons arrested his attention, and turned his thoughts to worship. Modern religions have not been able altogether to lose count of what has gone before. They have cleared worship of rites that were first sacred, and afterwards obscene, but the coming of the seed-time and harvest and the season of resurrection are still recognised all the world over by quaint ceremonies and customs of whose origin the participants know little or nothing. One may say with safety of Dr. Frazer's work, that it deals with exceedingly difficult and complicated questions in fashion quite illuminating. The value of such treatment, despite the criticism to which it lies open, is permanent.

Mr. W. A. Dutt's "Wild Life in East Anglia" (Methuen) is one of the rare volumes that deal in really expert fashion with a fascinating subject. While there is a special appeal to dwellers in Norfolk and Suffolk, there is a general one to lovers of wild life throughout these islands, and a word of special praise is due to Mr. F. Southgate, R.B.A., whose seventeen pictures in colour add considerably to the charm of the book. Mr. Dutt rambles over a very wide country; he deals with the past and the present, is historical and biographical in turn, but everything he has to say is said delightfully; and in the light of some fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with East Anglia the reviewer finds much to admire and very little to cavil at. Norfolk has always been the happy hunting-ground of our rare birds, and in the more remote parts a sanctuary for primitive customs and beliefs that pass with the advent of modern agricultural implements and railway developments. Mr. Dutt is a complete sportsman. He shoots with discretion, he fishes, he studies the habits of birds and beasts and has a keen eye for the flora of East Anglia; consequently, every man who has a hobby associated with country life may find refreshment in his book. Very charming are the chapters devoted to wild life in Breckland, the sandy heath country round Thetford and a notable game-preserve to-day, and his praise of the "reed pheasants," or bearded titmice, will delight all who have had the good fortune to see and hear these fascinating little birds, whose song makes perhaps the sweetest music heard on the Broads. They are not confined to the Broads, however, for we have heard and seen them on the marshes of the Essex coast. The description of an Upland Rover does tardy justice to a race of men that is almost extinct, the sturdy wanderers for whom the open life was as dear as it is to a nomadic Arab or an Andalusian gypsy, who passed through the countryside earning the simplest food and shelter by doing odd jobs, but could not stay for long in one place because they were born to follow the call of the open road. There is little room and less welcome for these English nomads to-day, more is the pity. Eel-catchers, water-bailiffs, and many humble students of wild life find their place in Mr. Dutt's pleasant pages.

## ANGLO-AFGHAN RELATIONS.

## THE AMIR'S COUNTRY, PEOPLE, AND RESOURCES.

IN connection with the forthcoming visit to India of his Majesty Habib Ullah Khan, Amir of Afghanistan, it is of interest to recall that by special arrangements the "buffer State" of Afghanistan has no foreign relations with any Power except Great Britain—through the Government of India. In all other respects the country is independent, and, as an obstacle between Russian territory and India, bars the way for Russian aggression upon India.

The Afghanistan of to-day, except that there is no tribal warfare going on within its limits, and that terribly grim tragedies appear to be of less frequent recurrence than formerly, is much the same as it was fifty years ago.

No doubt many changes in the government of the country and improvements in other respects may reasonably be claimed for the dominions over which the Amir exercises a despotic rule, but many of the old methods and customs still survive. Many of the much-vaunted improvements in recent years accredited to the late Abdur Rahman would appear in reality only to have required the application of very obvious principles, since their inception had been the work of Shere Ali, however successful the developments may have since become.

The country is said to be rich in minerals. There are famous silver-mines in the Panshir Valley, at the head of the Hindu Kush, but, so far as can be ascertained, they are not now, for some reason or other, being worked. Iron ore is abundant, and in the Bajour country, north-west of Peshawar, iron of excellent quality is produced. Gold, not, however, in any large quantity, has been found in streams, whilst rich lead-mines are said to exist near Herat; these, again, are scarcely, if ever, worked now, from all account.

Afghanistan is split up into various provinces, each with its own Governor, and the Afghans proper may be said to consist of about a dozen great clans, with numerous sub-divisions. The strongest and bravest of these clans are the Ghilzais, the Duranis, and the Yusufzais.

These Afghans proper do not recognise as entitled to that name all to whom we give it, although they are of the same religion, speak the same language, possess the same traits in character, and observe the same customs. There is a distinction with a difference—these are recognised as Pathans, not as Afghans! Again, and only differing in personal aspect, are the people of the Kurram, who, closely in contact with both the foregoing, are called Turis. The latter, are, however, now under British rule.

As a race, the Afghans are handsome and athletic. Often of fair complexion, they have, for the most part, aquiline features. They grow beards, many of them being "bearded like the pard," and shave the top of the head, leaving the hair at the sides to fall in large curls over the shoulders. They walk with the resolute, springy stride which is one of the characteristics of the Pathan, from whom, perhaps, the Afghan proper first learnt the step!

Proud in his bearing, peremptory in manner, and quick to resent injury—the average Afghan is nothing if not cruel, treacherous, perjured, and vindictive. His good points are that he is fearless, and an industrious cultivator, hospitable to a fault (while it lasts!), and that he is passionately fond of field-sports.

Their women, who possess the Jewish cast of features, are handsome, with complexions usually pale-sallow, but sometimes rosy. They are kept rigidly secluded, but intrigues are said to be frequent, and a bullet or a dagger-thrust more often than not does duty for the divorce court. Blood-feuds are common, and pursued with all that energy and certainty of accomplishment which at one time characterised the Corsican vendetta. Until, in short, one can conceive nothing finer than the Afghans' physique or worse than their morals.

Kabul first became a capital of the country which has played such a prominent part in Asiatic history when the illustrious Baber made himself master of it in 1504—fifteen years before his never-to-be-forgotten invasion of Hindustan. In 1839, the city was occupied by British troops, but after the national revolt in 1842, which ended so disastrously, the country was abandoned to its native rulers. A second British invasion, in 1879, led to the temporary occupation of the capital until, in 1881, the Amir Abdur Rahman became ruler.

Kabul stands on the right bank of the river of that name, which tradition says once swept away the city, and is about three miles in circumference. The city was once enclosed within a wall, but now it is not so. The old wall had seven gates, of which there now remain only the Lahori Gate and the Sirdar Gate. The streets are narrow and dirty, and hardly merit the name. The houses are built of sun-dried brick and wood. The mosques are large, but lack the Oriental magnificence of those to be found in India. The city is divided into quarters, good water is plentiful, and on the whole Kabul is said to be healthy. Fruit of exceptionally fine quality finds its way into the markets from the gardens located in the neighbouring valleys.

The greatest ornament which Kabul has ever possessed was the "Chikar Chat," or roofed bazaar, which was destroyed by Sir G. Pollock when the British evacuated Kabul, as a memento of the treachery of the city. The mausoleum of Baber is situated a mile west of the capital, and in one of the graveyards there is the tomb of an Englishman named Hicks, who died, apparently at Kabul, in 1666. ANGUS HAMILTON.



# THE NEW BATTLE OF THE BOOKS: THE PUBLISHERS AGAINST THE "TIMES."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC, ART REPRODUCTION COMPANY, BASSANO, DOVER STREET STUDIO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, WALTER BARNETT, BENDER AND LEWIS.



LEADING MEMBERS OF THE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The core of the question at issue between the Publishers' Association and the "Times" Book Club is contained in the notice issued by the Association to the effect that "the 'Times' Book Club having advertised their intention to sell net books published on September 30 at less than the published prices within six months of publication, net books should henceforth only be invoiced or supplied to the 'Times' Book Club (except by those firms who have unexpired contracts with the 'Times') at the full published price."



## THE WORLD'S NEWS IN NOTES AND SNAPSHOTS.



REPORTED WRECKED BY AN EARTHQUAKE: VALSVIG, FAROE ISLANDS.

A report has been received from Copenhagen that Myggenas, one of the Faroe isles, has been swallowed up by the sea. The same correspondent states that the village of Valsvig was wrecked by earthquake. Myggenas, famous for its sea-birds, is believed to have been uninhabited.



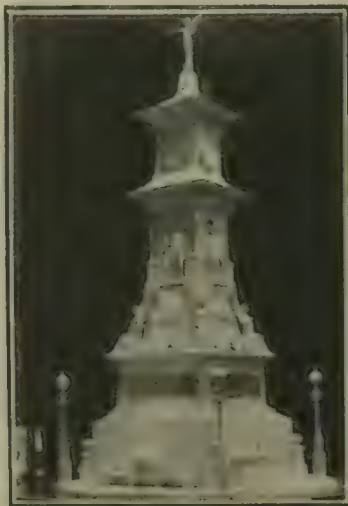
A FAMOUS VIEW IN DANGER: STIRLING CASTLE.

This famous view of historic Stirling Castle is threatened. The white board in the foreground offers the land on which it stands for building, and the people of Stirling are taking vigorous action. The mound just beyond the hedge is the King's Knot, formed by William the Lion in the thirteenth century. On it games were played before the Court.



THE MEMORIAL TO DEAN HOLE IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The memorial was unveiled on September 29 by the High Sheriff of Kent. The monument is erected at the end of the South Transept. It is an altar-tomb of alabaster, with recumbent figure in white marble of the late Dean. The sculptor is Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., and the base was designed by Mr. C. Hodson-Fowler, the cathedral architect. At the base is a wreath of roses, the Dean's favourite flower.



THE PROPOSED SHAKSPERE MEMORIAL FOR SOUTHWARK.

It has been suggested that the memorial shall be erected by public subscription. The model is the work of Mr. George Tinworth, the famous artisan sculptor at Messrs. Doulton's Pottery Works in Lambeth.



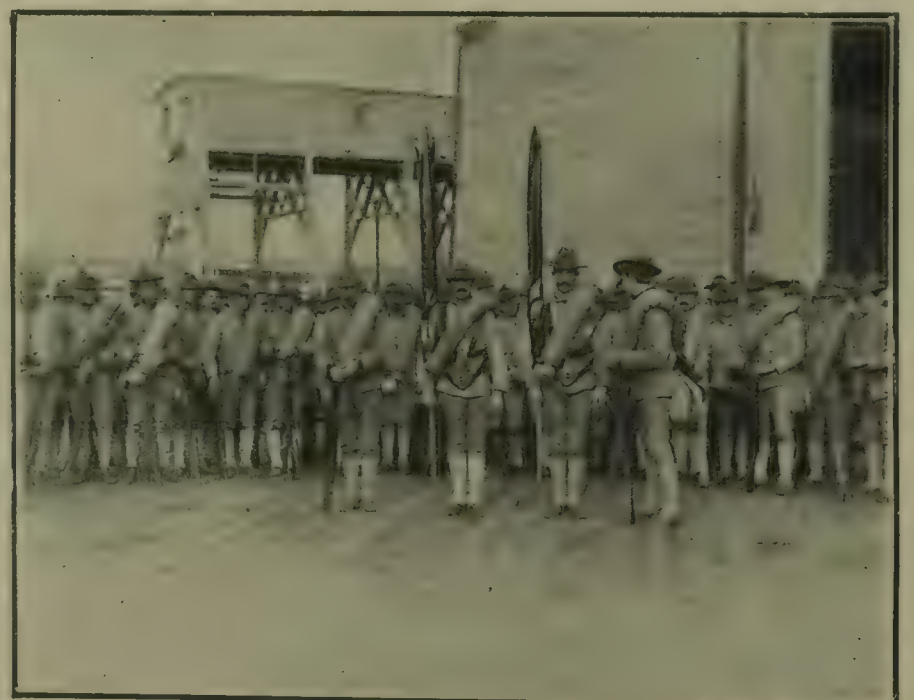
WRECKED BY VANDALS: THE EXETER MONUMENT AT STAMFORD.

The monument is in the Burleigh Chapel, St. Martin's, Stamford. It commemorates John, Earl of Exeter, died Aug. 29, 1700, and Anne, his wife, died 1703. Some mischievous persons have recently damaged this fine piece of sculpture. It commemorated the fifth Earl of Exeter, the great-great-grandson of Elizabeth's famous Minister, Lord Burleigh.



AN UNOFFICIAL GERMAN COLONY: THE ISLAND OF CHILOE.

A group of Berlin financiers has leased the Island of Chiloe, off the coast of Chili, from the Chilian Government. The lease is for fifteen years, and it is proposed to open the island to commerce and agriculture. There is abundant timber on Chiloe.



UNCLE SAM'S TROOPS AGAIN IN CUBA: THE FIRST DETACHMENT.

After the decision of the United States Government to send troops to help in restoring order in Cuba, the 2nd Battalion of Engineers (Companies E, F, G, and H) sailed for Havana on October 1. The men were photographed as they were boarding the "Sumner" at Brooklyn.



THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH OUTLAW ON THE STAGE:  
MR. WALLER AS ROBIN HOOD.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS ROBIN HOOD, AND MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS MAID MARIAN.

DRAWN BY JOHN CAMERON.

On the evening of October 17 Mr. Lewis Waller arranged to produce at the Lyric Theatre the romantic drama "Robin Hood," by Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. William Devereux. The piece had already been seen in the provinces.



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

PROBABLY many of us, in early youth, have amused ourselves by trying to construct ciphers. Those who read Poe's tale, "The Gold Bug," have certainly made this effort. The diversion, like that of forming cryptic languages (a pastime dear to savages) is part of the romance of youth.

There is an interesting cipher (I am afraid that I do not understand it) in Mr. Max Pemberton's story "The Tickencote Treasure." The treasure-hunting hero has the Elizabethan ciphered account of a secret deposit, but he has not the key to it. A friend, a student of old manuscripts, remarks that a large 3 is written meaninglessly here and there about the document. He tries the plan of taking for each letter in the scroll the third from it in the alphabet. Thus A becomes C. But why does B become F?—we expect it to be D. In the case of B, not the third letter from B is taken, but the three letters between B and the next letter are dropped. Again, C becomes I, five letters are dropped. D becomes L; seven letters are dropped. The principle of working is not that very simple one which I understand to be meant.

In some intercepted Jacobite letters of about 1720 the principle of the cipher was babyishly simple. Yet it was asserted that the key of the cipher had been betrayed by a traitor. He was quite superfluous. Mr. Pemberton's cipher turns out not to be what his hero had supposed. "The alphabet is the correct one, only the letters are reversed, three by three." The secret is then discovered, and a truly satisfactory treasure is found.

Now it is plain that I fail to grasp the initial facts in this cipher. But it is, at all events, mechanical, and the clue to it was given by the repeated presence of the figure 3. In Poe's famous story, the decipherer begins by picking out the letters of most frequent occurrence in English, say E and A. The most frequently recurring letters in the document to be read are, say, X and W. In that case, X means E, W means A, and from this point you advance by easy degrees: it is not a really difficult cipher.

Most cipher-makers, noticing this fact, would have several values for E. Thus, B might be E when E was first used; 2B might be E when E was next employed; E might be B2 at the third time of use, and so forth, while other values for E, as K, K1, and so on, would be used in a sequence known to the possessor of the key to the cipher, and this method would apply to the whole of the alphabet. The results would not be discoverable by a purely mechanical system, as in the case of the alternately reversed sets of three letters.

Instead of Roman numerals, Greek numerals might be used, and these would probably have caused some difficulty to Boer decipherers in the field. But our own people would also have needed a key, and the key is the weak point. In war it may be found in the possession of a prisoner. In peace, at least in old times, the secretaries of the French statesmen who used the ciphers were entrusted with the keys. From the despatches of Throgmorton, Queen Elizabeth's Ambassador at the French Court, we find that he habitually bought the keys to the ciphers from the secretaries of French statesmen, which saved a great deal of trouble. A less expensive but equally successful plan was to catch and torture anyone who knew the key, if he ventured over to England. Even if he only kept the key in his memory this unsportsmanlike plan was infallible.

It appears to me that a ciphering typewriter might be invented by any ingenious mechanist; but then the inventor could sell the secret to persons interested in knowing it; so the only chance for our Foreign Minister is to be his own mechanist, buy an ordinary typewriter, and convert it into a cipher typewriter with his own hands. This brilliant idea is at the service of the Government.

Is the word "loot," meaning "plunder," Elizabethan? It occurs in Mr. Pemberton's deciphered scroll, "Ye place of ye loote was knowne." I never met "loot" in an Elizabethan author, and suspect that it came into our language from India, perhaps at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny. The Oxford English Dictionary must know all about "loot." I suspect that even Captain Kidd and Henry Morgan knew not.

Of the author of "Ionica"—Mr. Cory, later Johnson—few people know much, except that he was a master at Eton, and wrote the little book of verse in which the lament of Callimachus for his friend Heraclitus is so exquisitely translated.

From Mr. A. C. Benson's biography of Cory, prefixed to "Ionica," and from Mr. Herbert Paul's criticisms and reminiscences in his "Stray Leaves," we learn a great deal more. Mr. Cory rejoiced in the title of "Whig," "glorying in his shame," as Dr. Johnson would have said, and as Mr. Bouncer remarked about certain Queen's men, who stood conspicuously on the steps of their ancient college. Like Mr. Jowett, Mr. Cory "liked to think that he was training statesmen." Mr. Jowett never married, and there were inconsiderate persons who thought that he was not "invariably courteous." Apparently it was not till after his marriage that Mr. Cory's courtesy became invariable; previously this virtue was rather the exception than the rule in his discourse. That marriage made him "much more like other people" (who are habitually polite) is perhaps the highest testimony ever given to monogamy. Under a system of "free love," we shall all be grossly rude. Mr. Cory's tastes were not those of Mr. Jowett, for "he did not care for Dickens," and did not read Shakspeare much; but both of these famous tutors disliked Carlyle. Like FitzGerald, Mr. Cory could not endure Browning: what a number of pleasures he missed in literature! Both tutors used to elicit their pupils' ideas by opposing them.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Millford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SIGMA.—There are several such books published, but they are not easy to get. The books of the Hastings Tournament, published by Chatto and Windus, would probably give you as good a choice as possible, or "Blackburne's Selections," published, we think, by Horace Cox, Chancery Lane.

SHADFORTH.—Problem No. 3257 is, we think, quite sound, but you are not the only one of our skilled solvers who has failed to crack the nut.

F MILLER and OTHERS.—The only defence to Q to B 4th is 1. Q P takes P.

G HEATHCOTE (Arnside).—We are much obliged for your communication, the object of which has our utmost sympathy.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3251 received from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktachia, India) and Sergeant A E Mondel (Pretoria); of No. 3252 from E G Muntz (Toronto); of No. 3253 from E G Muntz and Jivan Jha (Rannagar, India); of No. 3254 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and E G Muntz (Toronto); of No. 3255 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3257 from J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), P H Murphy (Liverpool), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3258 received from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Sorrento, F Henderson (Leeds), L Harris-Liston, P H Murphy (Liverpool), Shadforth, F Waller (Luton), M P Traill Smith (H.M.S. *Eclipse*), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A Burton (Clifton), E J Winter-Wood, J Hopkinson (Derby), R Worters (Canterbury), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3257.—BY SORRENTO.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q 4th
2. Q takes R P
3. Q Mates.

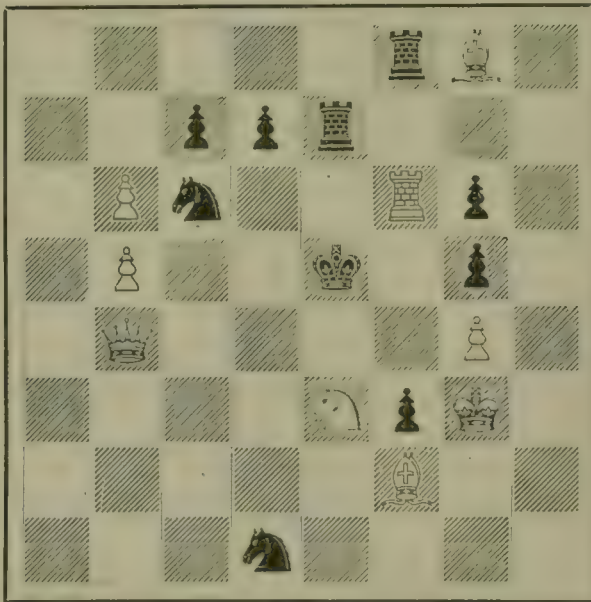
BLACK.

- K to K 5th
- Any move

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. Q takes P at Q 6th; if 1. Kt to B 2nd or to Kt 3rd, 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch); if 1. Kt takes B P or P takes B P, 2. B to B 6th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to R sq (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM No. 3260. BY HERBERT PRICE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and JANOWSKY.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. R to K 5th	Kt to B 5th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	25. R to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. R to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	27. K R to K sq	R to Q sq
5. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	28. P to R 3rd	Kt to R sq
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	29. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 4th (ch)
7. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	30. K to R sq	B to B 3rd
The same position may be arrived at as a variation of the Scotch Gambit. Black retreats the Bishop against the threatened Kt takes Kt.			
8. Castles	Castles	31. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to B 5th
9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	32. R to Q B sq	K to R 3rd
10. B takes B	R P takes B	33. Kt takes Kt P	
One cannot resist the feeling that B P takes P is in this case more advantageous than opening the Rook's file.			
11. P to B 4th	Kt to Q 2nd	34. R to K 7th (ch)	K takes Kt
12. B to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		K to R sq
13. Q to Q 2nd	P to K B 4th		
14. P takes P	K R takes P		
15. Q R to K sq			
With a singularly restrictive effect on Black's reply; neither Queen nor Knight can come into play on account of 16. B to Kt 4th.			
16. P to Q R 3rd	R to K B sq	35. Q to Q 4th	Q R to Q 3rd
17. Kt to K 2nd	Q to B 3rd	36. R to K B 7th	Kt to R 2nd
18. P to B 4th	Q to Q 3rd	37. R to K sq	B to Q 2nd
19. P takes P	P takes P	38. R(K sq) to K 7th	Q to B 8th (ch)
20. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	39. K to R 2nd	
21. Kt to K 4th	Q to Kt 3rd		
22. Kt to Kt 5th	P to R 3rd		
23. Kt to K 6th	R to B 2nd		
24. Kt to Q 4th			
This is indeed a famous cavalry raid, and the Knight's tour has probably never figured so effectively in play before. Every move in			

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Nuremberg Tournament between Messrs.

MARSHALL and WOLF.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Kt to K 4th	B to R sq
2. P to Q B 4th	P takes P	16. Kt to K 4th	Kt to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd		
5. P to K 3rd	P to B 4th		
6. B takes P	P to Q R 3rd		
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		
8. P to Q R 3rd	Q to B 2nd		
9. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th		
10. B to R 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
11. P takes P	B takes P		
Looking at the comparative freedom Black obtains in the early stages of this opening, as compared with the very cramped defence of the Gambit declined, it is surprising how players cling to the latter as ardently as they do.			
12. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q 3rd		
13. B to Kt 2nd	Castles		
For now only two moves differentiate the positions, and both of these Black might have made. In the subsequent play it is shown that his Queen is badly posted at Bishop's 2nd.			
14. Q R to B sq	Q R to Q sq		
15. B to Kt sq			

A project is on foot, backed by very influential names, to present a testimonial to Mr. B. G. Laws in recognition of his great services to the Problem Department of the *British Chess Magazine*. Such a proposal should find a warm support from all who value honest and conscientious work, and we hope to give further details at a future date.

The first number of the *Chess Amateur* has duly made its appearance, and it certainly reflects great credit on those responsible for its contents. For variety of matter and range of quality it can be enjoyed by both the beginner and the expert, and we can heartily commend it to all classes of students.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

IF accounts in the Northern journals are to be credited, the "sea-serpent" has been disporting itself on the east and west coasts of Scotland of late days. I am not specially concerned here with the general accounts given of the visitations, but in respect of one sober and matter-of-fact account of the appearance, the occasion deserves notice. This account, given by fishermen who saw from a short distance some large and to them unknown species of animal swimming on the surface of the sea, described it as possessing a long body, followed by a good deal of wash, while the "head" was apparently provided with a triangular-shaped fin. Now this description unconsciously reproduces, with a very fair amount of accuracy, the appearance which would have been presented by a large squid—one of the cuttlefish family—in active movement. These creatures are known to reach (in the case of certain species) a length, inclusive of the arms or tentacles, of over fifty feet. They are often met with on the Newfoundland coasts, where they pursue the cod-fishery on their own account. They possess an arrow-shaped tail-fin, which, as they swim backwards in the water, propelled by jets of water from the breathing-tube, is apt to be mistaken for a head-fin or other head-appendage, and I doubt not it was the half of this fin which the east coast fishermen saw. Few people, comparatively speaking, know the squid by sight, though many more know the octopus—a cousin of the squid—very well. It is this ignorance of the squid shape and of its possible size—added to by the long trailing arms that spring from the head and cause the wash in the sea—that I believe accounts for the non-recognition of these animals when they masquerade unwittingly as the "Great Unknown" of the deep.

Considerable attention has been paid to the advantage, in certain states of body, of subsisting on what are called "purin-free" foods. Purins, it may be said, are chemical substances represented by uric acid, caffeine (found in coffee and tea), theobromin (found in cocoa), and by food substances exemplified by meat and meat-extracts, and also by certain organs of the animal body, as the sweetbread and liver. Dr. W. A. Potts, in a paper recently published in the *Lancet*, gives some useful and instructive details regarding the value of a purin-free diet in cases of gout and other troubles. This system of excluding purins is really an illustration of the simple life, as applied to food-habits. Dr. Potts, however, makes it clear that it is not the choice of such foods alone which must be attended to by those with whom ordinary diet disagrees. He lays stress on the fact that the quantity of food consumed must be small and the meals few, while the process of masticating the food is to be thoroughly carried out. There is to be no elaboration of a fruitarian diet through the needless and extraneous aid of sauces, condiments, and rich cooking. We are told, indeed, that if a person has given up meat and substituted therefor highly flavoured dishes, with added cream and other rich accessories, he would really "do much better on a plain mutton chop or a fish dinner."

The argument regarding purin-free foods really takes the form of one which advocates a fruitarian and vegetable diet at large, as that best suited to the case of anyone whose dietary demands physiological and medical overhauling. The argument, in truth, is not one which applies to the case of the healthy man, but rather to the individual who suffers from "the disease of kings" or related troubles; although it may be added that even the healthy individual nowadays is told, and perhaps correctly, that if he limited the amount of the meat-foods he consumes, he would enjoy a continuation of his enviable bodily state onwards to a later period in life than is now possible or probable. But Dr. Potts's dietary is not exclusively vegetarian. He approves of cheese, which is free from purins, though he evidently thinks of the concentrated nature of the food and of the difficulty the average man often experiences in perfectly digesting even a moderate quantity of it. Cream is too rich for ordinary use, but butter in moderation is allowable. Oatmeal and lentils are to be consumed in moderation, because they contain more than a trace of purins. Nuts, apples, bananas, grapes, dates, raisins and figs are all commended, but strawberries, with purins as part of their composition, are tabooed to the gouty or rheumatic subject. It is clear, if we are to follow the physiological lead, we should all derive benefit from a limitation of our meat foods, but Dr. Potts conveys some comfort to the man who does not quite approve of a rigid diet when he says that mutton and one or two kinds of fish, with weak China tea as a beverage, may be adopted by those who do not wish to rank as extremists.

Among the addresses which fall to be delivered at the opening of medical schools and of congresses, there are to be found, now and then, orations which contain excellent advice and much information, valuable, if only it could be practically applied to the regulation of life and to the prevention of disease. Sir James Crichton Browne is usually enlightening in his remarks, and a recent address of his, delivered at Leeds, deals with certain phases of existence, the recognition of which should afford food for thought. What, for example, are we to think of a total mortality in England and Wales in 1904 numbering 549,784 deaths? This represents a death-rate of 16.2 per 1000 living persons, while it is argued that the rate could be reduced to 10 per 1000. Or, again, what are we to say to the fact that of every 1000 children born, 145 die within the first year of life? Every year 50,000 innocents are consigned to the grave. Tuberculosis accounts for 60,000 deaths every year. Well may we demand the awakening of a health-conscience on the part of the nation; a movement which should number every man and woman as a unit in a great sanitary army whose watchword would be "The nation's health, the nation's wealth."

ANDREW WILSON.



# BLUEBEARD UP-TO-DATE: THE KING OF ANNAM'S REPORTED ATROCITIES.



## 1. THE ROYAL PAGODA AT HUE.

The Royal Pagoda is built upon a great fortress-like foundation, above which rises a series of pavilions in a much lighter style of Eastern architecture.

## 2. THE ROYAL PALACE AT HUE.

The Royal Palace, the scene of the King's alleged orgies, is an unpretentious building with no ornaments except a series of great vases arranged along the outer wall.

## 3. HIS MAJESTY TANH-TAI, KING OF ANNAM.

Tanh-Tai is twenty-seven years of age. He is the chief Sovereign under the French Protectorate in Indo-China, and he has found warm partisans in France, who declare that the atrocities he is accused of are quite inconsistent with his character.

## 4. THE MIRADOR RAMPART OF THE CITADEL AT HUE, THE CAPITAL.

Hue, the capital of Annam, is a city of 15,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by a wall and a broad moat. The French Residency is on the other side of the river from the town.



It is alleged that the King of Annam has put several of his wives to death, and also that he shot his Prime Minister. It was said in addition that he tortured the women who had the care of his toilet. Into their shoulders he drove enormous pins, and then, attaching ropes to these pins, he hung his victims to the ceiling. The only explanation, if the stories are true, is that his Majesty must have gone mad. According to another account the French Government stopped the King's allowance and charged him with his victims' doctor's fees. He is reported to have been very anxious to visit France, and to be jealous of King Sisowath's entertainment there.



# IN MEMORY OF OUR GREATEST ADMIRAL: TRAFALGAR DAY, OCT. 21.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



NELSON EMBARKING ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE: THE FUTURE ADMIRAL GOING ABOARD THE "RAISONNABLE"  
(COMMANDER, CAPTAIN SUCKLING) IN THE WINTER OF 1770.

Nelson entered the Navy as a midshipman on board the "Raisonné," of which his uncle and patron, Maurice Suckling, was Captain. The vessel was lying in the Medway, and "when he got on board," says Southey, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprised of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day without being noticed by anyone." Evidently, Captain Suckling did not think much of the future Admiral's chances, for in a letter written in answer to Mr. Nelson's request that he should take care of his son, he wrote, "What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."





## BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF TWO STRANGE TRIBES OF BRITISH NORTH BORNEO: THE DUSUNS AND THE ORANG BAJAUS.

BY CYRIL C. PYKE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. BEGG FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

IN North Borneo there are many tribes of natives, each with a different language, and on the coast they are nearly all of the Mohammedan religion. The Sulus, Tidongs, and Bajaus, the latter well known to the late Admiral Keppel, all live by the sea, but in the far interior is a race called the Dusuns, as distinct from the Mohammedan tribes as we are ourselves. They have no religion, their language is quite different, their customs and habits are unknown to the coast natives and to Europeans, except those few who have had dealings with them officially. And by the Mohammedans they are looked down upon with the utmost contempt.

It would almost appear that the Dusun is the aboriginal of North Borneo. By many it is said that this race is descended from the Chinese, who in past ages settled in large numbers on the Bornean coast. But the Dusun race of to-day is split up into many tribes, and though there is one common language, each tribe has a dialect of its own, and these vary in a similar manner to the English county dialects. Each Dusun tribe has a legend as to its origin, one of which is that, in the beginning of all things, a party of Chinese landed in Borneo, and ascended Kinabalu, a large mountain on the west coast. They were in search of precious stones. Coming down from the mountain they marched inland, and there met a female quite nude, with a short tail. And this woman was the mother of the Dusun race.

In the far interior is a certain Dusun tribe known as the Watangs. At the beginning of 1903 I visited their village, being the first white man they had seen there. The old chief, Uluman, told me the following story as to the origin of his tribe: "A woman was walking in the jungle, and saw a dog sitting on a log of wood. The dog had long hairs, sharp like needles. These two cohabited, and two children were born, a boy and a girl. The woman wandered on in the jungle, and settled down at the head-waters of the Kinabatangan River, on the east coast of Borneo, taking the children with her. The dog remained behind, roving about the jungle, till one day it came to a big tree, the fruit of which consisted of beads of all shapes and colours. Under this tree it remained, till eventually it died. Meantime, the daughter of the woman who had settled down at the Kinabatangan River gave birth to seven children; and this was the beginning of the Watang race." This is the legend exactly as it was told to me by the old chief, who appeared to be quite convinced of the truth of what he was saying.

Short, very sturdy, and light-complexioned, the Dusun is a simple child of nature. He requires very little, and the few necessities he wants he can

obtain with little trouble. He grows his own rice, and salt he exchanges from coast-tribes. If he wishes for meat, he can hunt and trap the wild game in the jungle. His clothes scarcely worry him. A "chawat"—i.e., loin-cloth—is all that is necessary, but if he desires a coat, the cotton grows in his garden, the dye likewise, and his women-folk weave the cloth. Another kind of cloth is also woven from the bark of a tree. These people are essentially farmers, and no self-respecting Dusun would be without his pigs, fowls, goats, and cattle, all of which share his house inside and out.

The entire house is made of bamboo; the planks for the walls and floor being also of bamboo split down one side and opened out flat. The one I visited was about eighty feet long. Down the whole length of one side is a passage from which open off the rooms. There were about a dozen of these little cubicles, and probably a dozen families inhabited the house. On the opposite side of the passage was a raised platform, also running the entire length of the house, and on this sat the people, all employed at various occupations. Some were making the round conical hats worn by the people of these parts; some spinning, and others weaving. The whole scene was like a street with the inhabitants carrying on their various trades. From the roof was suspended a miscellaneous collection of articles: spears, blow-pipes, baskets of dried heads belonging to former enemies; baskets of guttapercha and indiarubber, and coils of rattan cane. And just over the very spot from which I took the photograph was a most weird object. It was a mummy, but only half the body had been preserved. The skull, arms, and finger-bones were fastened on to the upper part of the body, which had been cut off at the thighs and preserved in cloth. The thing was hung from the roof of the house by the back, and was suspended so as to face downwards, with hands and arms outstretched. I asked the old chief, Uluman, about it. The mummy was that of a chief who had died many years ago, who had been head of the tribe, and had been handed on from chief to chief. It



"A WOMAN WILL GO TO THE RIVER FOR WATER AND WILL NEVER RETURN."

was in their eyes a sort of protecting spirit, and could never be taken down unless a new house was built. They consulted it for everything they were about to undertake. An expedition, planting crops, trading, would be good or bad according to the signs given by the mummy. But Uluman would not tell me how they received these signs, but that they all firmly believed in it was clear by the great awe in which they spoke of it. Another gruesome sight was an enormous basket of skulls hung from the roof, heads of those who had been killed in the old tribal fights. They were black



with age, and there must have been thirty or forty of them. Some had the skin still attached, but dried and blackened.

Speaking of tribal fights, the Dusun can never forget or forgive. As the woman who has the last word scores, so with the Dusun. The last head taken by one of the tribes is "last word" with them. But now that the white man rules, this form of argument is stopped, though as an instance of how the old feeling will out, some time ago a deputation from one of the tribes visited my camp, and this was their trouble.

Very many years ago a tribe from the Kinabatangan River had raided these very people, and had taken away several heads, gongs, and jars. This required a reply; or, in other words, a return raid. The District Officer, hearing of the trouble, ordered these Watangs to remain in their village, and also ordered the offending tribe to pay back the gongs and jars and make other compensation. It appears that this was not done, and now, more than ten years after, these people still wish to have their "last word," and pay a visit to the Kinabatangan River. It is quite probable that few, if any, of the people in either village remember or know anything about the origin of the feud; but it will be handed on from generation to generation. And some day the Watangs will get their own back in one form or another. A Kinabatangan man will get lost in the jungle while hunting, or a woman will go to the river for water and will never return. No matter how or when, but the Watangs will seek and obtain satisfaction. They will make their "balas"—i.e., reply.

The Dusuns have no recognised form of religion. But they are superstitious to a degree. Superstition and old-time customs govern their lives. They are always on the look-out for omens, good or bad, and most of these are from birds of the jungle. A man will dream of a certain bird, or will hear it calling in the forest. It is the wrong kind of bird, and nothing will induce that man to carry out any undertaking till the right bird has been seen or heard. Threats or payment alike will be ignored till the good omen has turned up. The nearest form of religion the Dusuns have is their veneration for the "gusi." These are jars of various shapes and sizes, and they are fetish. Such a strict regard have these people for "gusi" that in 1892 the Government of North Borneo issued a proclamation for the protection of these jars, only a certain number of which are in the country. Where they originally came from it is hard to say. There are many legends about them, one of which was told me as being "true" by a very old Dusun chief.

"Long, long ago a man was walking along a river-bank when he saw rows and rows of jars. Talking up a handful of stones, he threw them and hit about twenty. The jars that were hit remained, but the rest all

the Gusi is, for the time being, shall under no circumstances whatever detain the Gusi or refuse to give it up to the next person having 'waris,' who may require it, under a penalty not exceeding £20."

On one occasion I had in my possession a "gusi" belonging once to a tribe the last of whom had turned Mohammedan, and therefore refused to have anything to do with the jar. I took this jar up country with me for the purpose of getting information from the Dusuns, and one evening sent



"SIR, THIS IS A GUSI. IT IS A FEMALE, AND SHE SPEAKS."

The Dusuns' only form of religion is their veneration for the Gusi, fetish jars of various shapes and sizes. Only a certain number of them are in the country. Their whereabouts are always known to the natives by some mysterious form of communication.

The jars are protected by the British Government.

to a village for a man whom I knew was held in great respect by the people. I showed him my "gusi," whereupon he took it very reverently in his hands and, putting it to his ear, whispered, "Tuan [Sir], this is a gusi. It is a female, and she speaks." He was very anxious to know where I had obtained it, and, when asked what he valued it at, he said, "I am a poor man, but would give \$450," about £90.

How these jars came into the country it is impossible to say, but I have never yet met a Dusun who would or could account for them in any way except that they are fetish.

A Dusun marriage to the civilised world is a very simple affair, though a cause of much worry and palaver to themselves. In the first instance, the suitor has to obtain permission from the father of the girl. She and her mother are not consulted in any way. Many meetings and long talks take place between the young man and his future father-in-law as to the amount of "brian" or payment that has to be made, and there is an established custom as to this. First of all there is what is called in Malay the "kapola," or head of the "brian." This consists of a standard rate and must be paid before any further proceedings take place. Among the Dusuns, and, in fact, all interior natives, money is very little known, and all payments are made in "buku" or "mundi." One "buku" equals two "mundi," and these may consist of any goods or kine. But in payment for a wife there are four "buku" which are recognised as being indispensable. These are a large, deep-toned gong, a long brass cannon, a "kris" or sword, and a spear. These then form the "kapola brian," or chief payment, in the marriage ceremony, and the rest is settled on during the many long talks between the young man and the girl's parent. It is more than probable that the girl has had a very good idea of what is being discussed so often over numerous jars of rice-beer, and if such be the case, and she is happy in the thought of her future, no trouble



THE DUSUNS' ONLY GODS: GUSI.

The smallest of these examples is seven inches high.

disappeared, melted away before his eyes. Those twenty remaining jars were the beginning of the "gusi." Such was the story told me by the old man, who seemed thoroughly to believe what he said.

These people have the utmost faith in the virtues of "gusi" which belong to the "waris" or inheritance. They are sent for on the occasion of marriage or funeral ceremonies, or if sickness or trouble of any kind visits a village.

The Government proclamation says that "the person in whose custody





THE LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE GUSI, OR SACRED JARS.

The story, as told by an old Dusun chief, runs: Long, long ago, a man was walking along the river bank when he saw rows and rows of jars. Taking up a handful of stones he threw them and hit about twenty of the jars. Those that were hit remained, but the rest melted away before his eyes. The twenty remaining jars were the beginning of the Gusi.



# ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE: CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CYRIL C. PYKE.



1. NATIVE CARVING: BAMBOO TOBACCO-PIPES

2. DUSUN BURIAL: THE TEMPORARY RESTING-PLACE OF A CHIEF.

3. THE USE OF THE BLOW-PIPE.

4. CONSULTING AN ORACLE: A MUMMY USED FOR DIVINATION BY THE DUSUN TRIBE.

The mummy was hung from the roof with its face downwards and its hands and arms extended. It was that of a chief long dead, and it was consulted about everything that the people in the house wished to undertake.

5. A DUSUN CLAIMING HIS RUNAWAY BRIDE.

Any village to which an unwilling bride flees must give her up when the bridegroom demands her.

6. THE PRICE OF A WIFE: A SUITOR BARGAINING WITH HIS FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW.

In the payment for a wife four things are indispensable: a large deep-toned gong, a long brass cannon, a kris or sword, and a spear.

7. THE ARRIVAL OF A TALISMAN: BRINGING A GUSI TO A VILLAGE WHERE THERE IS SICKNESS.

8. A POTTED-MEAT FACTORY IN NORTH BORNEO.

Nothing is done to preserve the meat, which is rammed tight into bamboo cases, but the natives do not seem to realise how unsavoury it is.



ensues. For directly half the payment has been made, the man can go straight to the girl and claim her. If, on the other hand, she dislikes the thought of her future alliance, she may run away, though it makes little difference, for, whichever village she goes to, the people are bound to hand her back when the husband claims her, for, half the payment having been made, he is to all intents and purposes her lawful husband. Feasting and drinking are then indulged in for many days and nights. As soon as a child is born, the remaining half of the payment is due, but if there be no offspring then the bargain is cancelled. If a divorce is desired by either party, it is a matter of arrangement among the headmen of the village.

The Dusun burial ceremony is quaint. There are two methods of burial, either in a coffin of very hard wood or else the body is placed in a large jar. These jars stand from three to four feet high, and are greatly valued by the people of the interior. The body is placed in the jar in a sitting position, the head touching the drawn-up knees. The jar is then hermetically sealed with damar, as is the case with the wooden coffin. When the coffin or jar, as it may be, is ready, it is placed on the floor of the house, the man's goods arranged round it, and the walls hung with coloured cloths. Fowls are killed, large quantities of rice-beer provided, and feasting and drinking goes on during the night. The next morning a meeting is called to decide if the body is to be buried at once or in two or three months. There is no hurry, and the decision is arrived at by vote. I once arrived at a village where the chief had then been dead for over a month, and the people had not yet decided as to when he should be buried. In this case, the coffin had been taken to a hill some distance from the village, and placed on a staging about six feet from the ground. A shelter of leaves had been built up over the coffin to keep off the sun and rain, and the platform was hung round with coloured cloths, making a bright spot in the gloomy jungle. In the bottom of the coffin a small hole was cut, and a bamboo inserted to allow the putrefying remains to escape into the ground. The skin dries, and the coffin contains what is practically a mummy. On each of the four cornerposts holding up the staging are placed heads carved out of wood by the friends of the departed one. These heads are painted, and intended to represent the dead person, and anyone from a distance wishing to gaze once more on the features of the deceased does so by gazing at these heads; and in this case I was

village. Two rows of houses facing inwards form the one street. The houses are built over the water, each house with its own landing-stage, and each stage connected with the other, so that, mounting at one end, you can walk the entire length of one side of the village. To cross to the other side it is necessary to take a boat.

Here, then, at Tetabuan are to be found the Bajaus, the old sea-pirates;



ORANG BAJAUS ATTACKED  
BY A SWORD-FISH.

The sword-fish had already been caught by the line when it attacked the canoe and drove its sword right through the sides of the vessel.

and though these people at Tetabuan have settled down and live in houses, there are to be met with large fleets of Bajau boats which move about from place to place. The Bajau who still lives in his boat is thoroughly conservative; nothing will make him give up his traditions and his happy, easy life. Fishing is his industry, and fish is his food. Dried fish, fresh fish, fish cooked in every conceivable manner, but always fish. He reeks of it. His boat carries an odour wherever it goes — an odour that is unmistakable.

And this same boat is his home. He has no other. In it live his wife, his children, perhaps his son's wife and children: herded together under the mat roof, these people spend their lives. In the daytime they

clean the fish which the men catch, or the women will help with an oar when rowing up river; for the Bajau finds a ready market for his wares at any of the up-river villages, where the people generally exchange rice or padi for the produce of the sea. The boats are small, but very serviceable and buoyant. They carry an enormous sail for the size of the craft,



CASTING THE RAMBAT, THE FISHING-NET OF THE ORANG BAJAUS.

told that many people had come from a long distance to see their old chief once more.

Finally, when it has been decided when and where the deceased is to be buried, a hole is dug, the coffin or jar lowered, and a monument, carved from hard wood, erected over the spot, and on the branches of trees are hung many-coloured cloths, to mark the last resting-place.

#### THE ORANG BAJAUS, THE PIRATES OF NORTH BORNEO.

At the head of Labuk Bay are several small islands composed of mangrove swamps. Between two of these islands is Tetabuan, a Bajau

and some of the sails are composed of various-coloured cloths — white, blue, red, and yellow being sewn together in broad stripes. The mast is composed of three bamboo poles, two spread on either side of the boat, and the third fastened in the bows; at the top a bunch of dried grass, and also a bunch of grass at the end of the boom. The anchor is a forked branch of a tree, cut to shape, and weighted with a stone. But fish is not the only produce of the sea obtained by the Bajau; for oysters, which abound round the coast, hêche-de-mer, pearl-shells, seed pearls, tortoise-shell, turtle-eggs, and shell-fish are all grist to the Bajau mill.

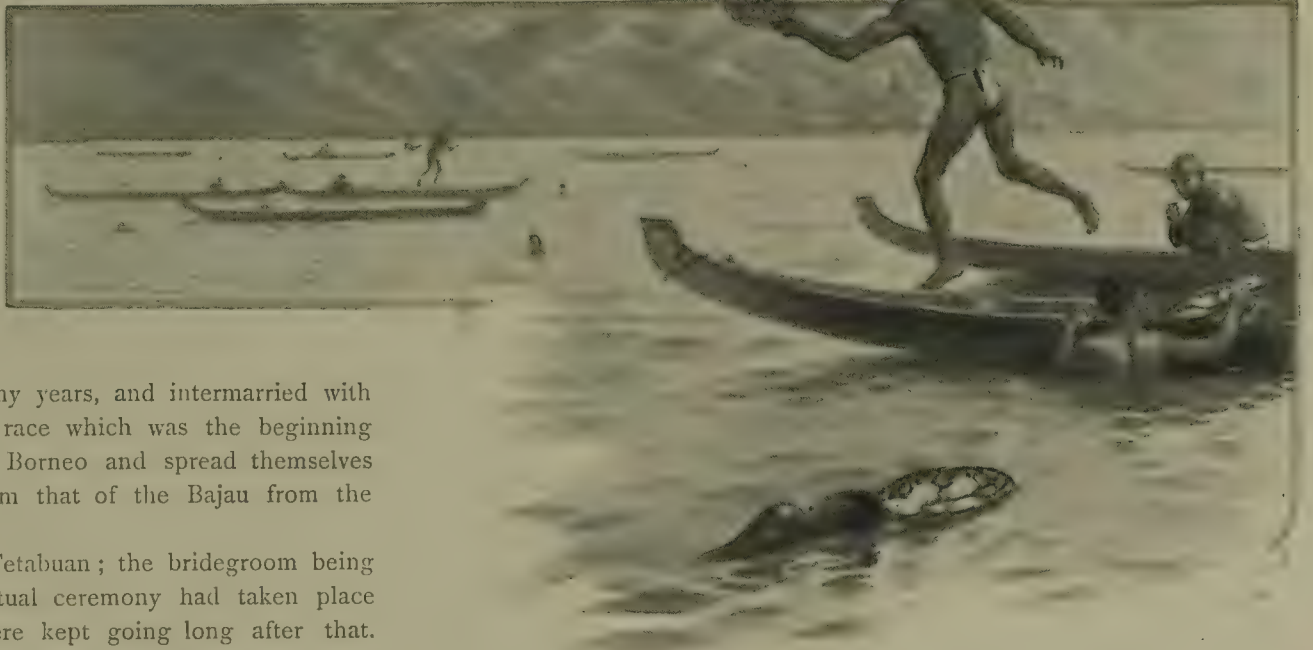


With every fleet is a chief whose word is law as far as their own customs are concerned. Where he goes the rest follow. The chief may decide to work seed-pearls on some newly-discovered bank. The rest follow as a matter of course. Or the chief may wish to explore some outlying island where turtle-eggs have been exported in large quantities: he orders a move, and the fleet follows. As a rule, he holds a certain amount of authority from the Government over his people; but it is not by that alone he rules.

Panglima Ijal, the Bajau chief at Tetabuan, and a noted character in the old days of rebellion, has stated that the Bajau of the east coast comes originally from Johore. It is the story handed down by generations; that a fleet of fishing-boats was driven by wind and storm from the Johore coast, and, after drifting about for many days, landed on the coast of Sulu. Here, unable to return to their own country, and being Mohammedans, they remained many years, and intermarried with the Sulus. Thus a new race sprang up: a race which was the beginning of the Bajaus, whose people came over to Borneo and spread themselves about the coast. Their language differs from that of the Bajau from the west coast, though they are able to converse.

I attended some wedding festivities at Tetabuan; the bridegroom being the son of the chief, Panglima Ijal. The actual ceremony had taken place two days before, but, as is usual, things were kept going long after that. The happy couple were called up for inspection. The bridegroom was dressed up in the most gorgeous costume: emerald-green silk coat very tight in the sleeves, tight silk drawers, and an elaborate coloured handkerchief on his head. The bride required a little persuasion, but finally she too showed herself. She was even more gorgeous than her husband. Very bright-coloured silk "kabaya" or coat and the usual loose drawers the women wear, and the head and face elaborately decorated. The face was painted a dead white, with dark lines over the eyes. The hair, well greased with cocoanut oil, was done high up on the forehead and decorated with coloured paper and tinsel flowers. She remained quite still and would not speak, and looked exactly like a white-painted wooden doll.

As for the dancing, it was like all Sulu and Bajau dancing—simply gesture in "time" to a band composed of gongs, big



THE SEED-PEARL FISHERY OF THE ORANG BAJAUS.

The Bajaus dive into the sea, each carrying a basket of rattan cane, which they fill with oyster-shells. Thirty or forty divers generally work together.

the Dusun is in the jungle. The seed-pearl banks are the property of the Government, and anyone may take a license to collect the shells from those banks which have been declared open.

At Tetabuan, on the east coast, there are seven or eight of these banks or "belingtang," as the natives call them. The Government protects the seed-pearl fisheries as far as possible, and at the Tetabuan pearl-banks no shell is allowed to be taken from the bank which is under four inches in diameter, and no one is allowed to search for shells without a license.

It was to declare one of these banks "open" that we left Tetabuan one morning at half-past four. Panglima Ijal, the chief of the Bajau village, came with us to point out the boundaries of the pearl-bank. It was a clear morning, and the stars were just beginning to pale before a brighter light that was showing on the horizon in front of us. The huge sail we carried was set to the entire satisfaction of the steersman—a wizened faced, wiry little brown man, who steered the boat by holding the helm with his toe, using both hands for the ropes of the sail.

As we passed clear of the mangrove, the full effect of the land breeze was felt, the boat heeled over, and then darted away out to the open sea. The Bajau fleet had sailed the night before, and we could see the boats in the distance, numerous dark patches, showing up against the light of dawn. The silver-grey light on the horizon had by this time become tinged with copper hue, spreading upwards and intermingling with a bank of dull clouds. Brighter and brighter, the copper giving place to gold and gold to vivid, fiery red, and in the midst of this magnificent transformation—scene the sun appeared. It was glorious. The boats, rising and falling on the swell, seemed like phantoms, touched here with brightest copper, there a line of gold, and the figures of the men squatting in the boats appeared like the beings of another world. And looking back to the mainland, which was fast sinking to an indistinct line, one could see Kinabalu Mountain in the distance.

The wind dropped, and the men rowed the short distance that lay between us and the pearl-fishers.

The boundaries of this bank, called Maiang, were defined by white flags, and after licenses had been inspected the bank was declared open. The Bajaus stripped, with the exception of a loin-cloth, dived into the sea, each carrying a basket made of rattan cane, and disappeared



IMITATIVE DANCING AT A BAJAU WEDDING: A PERFORMER PRETENDING TO CAST THE "RAMBAT."

The dancer used a large handkerchief or head-cloth to represent the net, and, keeping time to the music, he pretended to cast it and drag it in full of fish, winning great applause from the assembly.

gongs and little gongs, the good points in the dancing bringing forth the usual yells.

One man, imitating the casting of a "rambat" (fishing cast-net) by using a large handkerchief or head-cloth, and then hauling in the net full of fish, all in time to the music, his body swaying about in the dance, called forth great applause. Others executed war-dances. All were happy,



from sight, and an absolute silence reigned over the boats which previously had been filled by a laughing, chattering crowd.

The water over the bank was only eight or nine feet deep, but anyone arriving suddenly on the scene would never have realised that thirty or forty human beings were groveling about in the mud under that fathom and a half of water.

Suddenly a face appeared a few feet away from our own boat; a gleaming brown face, which glistened in the sunshine, but only for a moment, and it was gone. Another and another showed up in unexpected places, some of the men rising to the surface with the motion of a porpoise, diving below immediately to continue the work of filling the baskets with the oyster-shells.

Presently one of these baskets was brought to the surface filled with mud and oyster-shells, but by a quick movement such as is made by anyone sifting flour in a sieve, the mud was washed out of the basket, and the shells were emptied into the boat. Soon plenty of other baskets were brought up to the surface, and it was amusing to notice the good-natured chaff that ensued. One old man in particular, who was very slow in filling his basket, seemed to be the common butt of everyone. Each time he came to the surface to take a breath he slowly emitted a sound very similar to that of a porpoise when it rises for the same purpose. A long-drawn snort invariably announced when the old man was up, and it always brought forth yells from anyone else who heard it. But it did not seem to trouble the old man in the least degree. He took absolutely no notice, and slowly sank out of sight. I waited to see him bring up his basket, which he did eventually, but only half full. Poor old man, I was sorry for him, but he seemed to take everything in a perfectly easy manner, and when he had emptied

establishment for further operations; while the men proceeded to minister to the wants of a hungry man, for your Bajau at ordinary times can put away a very fair quantity of rice, but if he has been spending the greater part of the day on the mud floor of the sea, his appetite is increased tenfold.

And now his wife, children, and possibly his mother-in-law, take up the business, and quickly the shells are opened and the contents thrown into a large iron pan of water. When filled, the pan is put on the fire and slowly heated, but not to boiling point. The contents are then placed in a tub and allowed to remain for three days, till thoroughly putrefied. And it is not good to be near the houses at this period. Next, the rotten mass is taken up, a small quantity at a time, and rubbed well between the palms of the hand and allowed to drop into a dish of clean water, where the small pearls drop to the bottom of the pan and the dirty water is thrown out. When all the pearls have been collected in this manner, they are washed several times and rubbed in fine sand, and are then ready for market.

They are sold by weight according to the following scale: ten chucu=one amas; ten amas=one basing or tahl. The price runs from twenty to thirty dollars (silver) a basing. A small boat can bring in twenty baskets, which average about six dollars a day, so a Bajau may do very well at this industry.

The Chinese buy up the seed-pearls and ship them to China, where they are used as medicine in various forms, the chief one being for any kind of sickness to the eye. For wounds and open sores the pearls are ground up and mixed with other ingredients, and made into an ointment. It had often been stated that seed-pearls are ground to powder and used by Chinese women to enamel their faces. But on my asking the Chinese who buy up the pearls at



A BAJAU BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The bridegroom wore an emerald-green silk coat with tight sleeves, and a coloured handkerchief. His trousers were silk. The bride's coat was more elaborate than the bridegroom's. Her hair was decorated with coloured paper and tinsel flowers, her face painted a dead white with dark lines over the eyes.



THE BAJAU HOUSE-BOAT: THE FISHERMAN'S FLOATING HEARTH.

Formerly the Bajaus were pirates, but they are now peaceful fishermen. Fishing is their industry, and fish cooked on the boat is their only food. These fishermen have, indeed, no home but their boats.

his half-filled basket into the boat, he slowly climbed in himself, and smoked a cigarette.

Now the baskets were being quickly brought up, and the swish-swish of the water as it washed the mud from the shells was heard on every side.

When the boats had been filled, a return was made to the village. The wind had changed and was blowing steadily from the sea, so a smart run was made home, each boat making for the owner's house. Here the shells were piled on the platform outside the door of the dwelling, and handed over to the women and children of the

Tetabuan, they laughed at the idea, and said they had never heard of it.

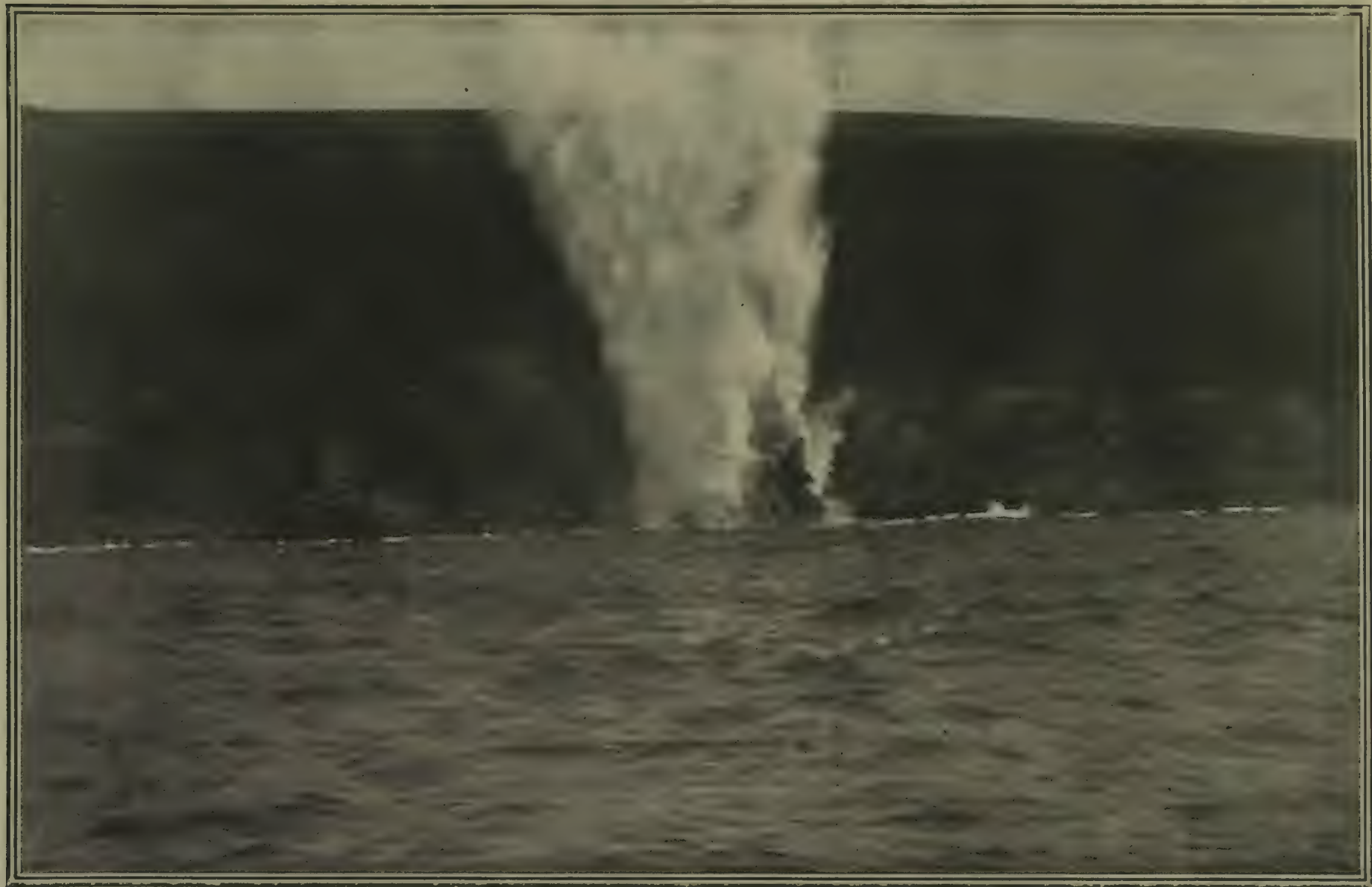
One remarkable thing about "selisip," or seed-pearl oysters, is that, during the rainy season, when the rivers are in flood, the fresh water which flows out in the bay near Tetabuan kills all the pearl-oysters. The shells open, and the dead oyster drops down into the

mud, and the pearls are lost. It takes about eight months for a new crop to grow and mature sufficiently to obtain the seed-pearl.



## A TORPEDO FIRED IN PEACE, AND A SCENE OF SECTARIAN WAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A NAVAL OFFICER AND BY BANKS.



AN EXPERIMENT WITH A LIVE TORPEDO AT PLYMOUTH: THE EXPLOSION.

On October 9 the officers under instruction in H.M.S. "Defiance," Torpedo School at Devonport, were shown the effect produced by firing a live torpedo at the rocks near Rame Head. A torpedo-boat running at high speed discharged the torpedo, the head of which contained about two hundred pounds of gun-cotton. The resultant explosion is shown in the photograph, which gives some idea of the terrible havoc wrought by the Japanese torpedo-boats at the battle of Tsushima.



A VAST CATHOLIC PROTEST AGAINST THE EDUCATION BILL: THE MEETING AT BELLEVUE GARDENS, MANCHESTER.

The photograph shows only part of the large crowd that assembled at Bellevue Gardens on October 12 to protest against the Education Bill. The photograph was taken when Dr. Casatelli was speaking. The Bishop of Salford, in a message to the Diocese, said that the demonstration of Catholic faith and unity was the first great public act of the Catholic Federation which he had called into being. It was also a protest, he said, against the legislation now before the country, which threatened so gravely to compromise, if not to destroy, their schools.



## FLOODING A CITY TO FLOAT A SHIP.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY JAN RINKE.



1. A DUTCH CANAL IN FULL FLOOD.

2. THE S.S. "REMBRANDT," FLOATED BY FLOODING PART OF AMSTERDAM.

3. CELLAR-DWELLERS OVERWHELMED.

4. THE WATER BURSTING INTO A STREET, AND INHABITANTS FLEEING FROM THE FLOOD.

5. A TYPE OF THE BASEMENT DWELLING IN HOLLAND.

A firm of Amsterdam ship-builders, who recently finished a new liner for the Java Fleet, discovered that the vessel was too big for the available depth of water. The steamer stuck fast when she left the ways. The difficulty was got over by opening the sea-sluzes at Ymuiden, and the vessel was floated, regardless of the fact that a large number of the dwellings in the lower part of the town were flooded. The inundation began at two in the morning, and the inhabitants had to make a hurried flight.





# Let me tell you about Benger's Food.

*What it is.* Benger's is a farinaceous food, but it is different from all other farinaceous foods in this way. Benger's Food contains in itself a natural digestive principle which changes the farinaceous material into soluble substances,—exactly what happens in the mouth when bread is masticated.

Benger's Food is mixed with fresh new milk when prepared, and by reason of a second natural digestive principle contained in it, the milk is also modified or partly digested. Benger's Food is therefore a self-digestive food, possessing the all-important advantage that in its preparation the degree of digestion can be determined with the utmost delicacy. For this reason Benger's Food is different from any other food obtainable—it can be served prepared to suit the exact physical

condition of the person for whom it is intended. Benger's Food, prepared as directed, is a complete food in the form of a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the food elements necessary to maintain vigorous health.

*What it is for.* Benger's Food is for infants and invalids, and for those persons whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or advancing age. Wherever there is a case of enfeebled or impaired digestion, however permanent or temporary, there is a case for Benger's Food. It gives the body abundance of nourishment, with complete or partial rest to the digestive system, as may be advisable. If the digestive system, however weak, can do any work at all, it should be given work to do to the extent of its powers. Benger's is the only food that can be administered so that the digestive organs can be given from day to day a carefully regulated exercise.

*How you should use it.* Benger's Food is easy to prepare, but it is distinctly not one of the "made in a moment" variety of foods. Its preparation requires a little care, and takes a little time. This is because the self-contained natural digestive principles begin the process of digestion while the food is being cooked. Full directions are contained on every tin; briefly, Benger's is first made into a smooth paste with cold, fresh milk; to this boiling milk is added and the whole set aside to cool. At this stage Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried and vice versa. Its preparation is completed by boiling, and when sufficiently cool it is ready for use.

Benger's Food is one of the most valuable foods known to science. Its constituents are well known to medical men and approved by them. Benger's Food can be enjoyed and assimilated with ease "when all other foods are rejected."

*Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.*





## MUSIC.

## THE OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE autumn opera season has yielded no novelties down to the time of writing, but it is stated that "Fedora" will be produced next week for the first time and that "Adriana Lencouvreur," Cilea's pretty and very modern opera, will be revived. At present the old favourites retain their hold upon the public, and the presence of new recruits to the ranks of opera-goers is suggested by the brisk demand for the book of works like "Carmen" and "Faust." One or two singers whose gifts are not quite sufficiently distinguished for Covent Garden have retired from the public view, while better-known singers have given performances that recall the spring season at its best. Signor Zenatello, upon whom the heaviest burden of the tenor rôles seems to have fallen, is in even better voice than he was last year; his grasp of the dramatic quality of certain parts could hardly be improved upon. Like Caruso, he has failed in "Carmen"—his Don José is not Spanish—it is not even interesting; but his Rodolfo, his Cavaradossi, and his Faust stand in the first rank. A newcomer, Signor Scandiani, made a good impression as the Toreador in "Carmen." He has a good voice and a robust method. Mr. Percy Pitt has been promoted once again to the conductor's seat, this time to direct "Faust."

At the first matinée of the season, to be given on Saturday next, the 20th, "Madame Butterfly" will be presented. Puccini is engaged upon a new opera founded upon a very realistic story by Pierre Louÿs, the author of "Aphrodite." It is likely that the work will see the light in the spring of 1908 at Covent Garden, and

that Emma Destinn will create the chief part. Puccini was impressed very deeply by the great Czech artist's work as Madame Butterfly.

Saturday last witnessed some half-dozen concerts of the first class, and Sunday saw the first appearance in London of yet another prodigy. Pepito Arriola is a little Spanish lad discovered by Nikisch; he is no more

assigned for the arrival on this planet of a little child to whom technical accomplishment presents no difficulties, whose ear and judgment seem to have acquired artistic maturity before they come to physical development. One can but wonder and admire—and hope that the young performer, having given a taste of his quality to the public, will return to the life that is best suited to his tender years.

Sarasate gave the first of a series of three recitals on Saturday last to an overflowing audience at the Bechstein Hall, and there were a few veterans present who could recall his first appearance, dated more than thirty years ago. The great Spaniard remains in his place among the finest living players of the violin, and his readings of music are so intensely personal, so coloured by his own view of life and art, that familiar works tend to assume a fresh complexion. He played two pieces of his own composition, and was heard to special advantage in Schumann's Sonata in A minor for violin and piano. Mr. Carlos Sobrino was at the piano, and his playing was very acceptable. The second Sarasate recital is set down for Oct. 27.

Next week will see the close of the long and successful series of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. Mr. Wood and his clever orchestra have catered loyally for the lovers of Wagner and Beethoven, they have extended the boundaries of public appreciation for Richard Strauss, and they have given several young musicians of promise a first hearing. Per-

haps the soloists have not been in the first rank very often, but not every singer would care to face a concert-room in which smoking is allowed. Miss Marie Hall will play at the Crystal Palace on Saturday week; Mark Hambourg will be at the Queen's Hall, and Busoni at Bechstein's on Saturday next, Oct. 20.



THE DOOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.



THE INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

## BARGAINED FOR BY AMERICANS: GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

The offer of the Americans, who wished to purchase and remove the ruins to be set up across the Atlantic, has been declined, and the remains will probably be bought and preserved by the National Trust. The Abbey dates from the twelfth century.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITH.

than nine years old, and his appearance at the Albert Hall created something akin to a sensation. He is another recruit to the ever-increasing number of children who are born musicians, who seem to carry in a child's body the soul of some great artist, "who in dead years had done delicious things." There is no reason to be

## Antipon Permanently Cures Obesity and Revitalizes the System.

### The Secret of Antipon's Success.

Since medical men from time immemorial have striven to find a lasting cure for the disease of obesity, nothing of any real permanent curative value was ever discovered to equal Antipon, which solved once and for all the problem of how lastingly to reduce the weight to normal and restore symmetrical proportions whilst at the same time increasing strength and restoring robust health, and this with no other assistance than plenty of good nourishing food. Everyone knows that the majority of the remedies and treatments of an older generation depended in no small degree on stringent dietary limitations which amounted to semi-starvation, and that these weakening processes were rendered still more injurious by the administration of mineral drugs of various kinds. When persisted in, these methods often undermined the soundest constitutions. If, on the other hand, they were abandoned, out of sheer necessity to pick up strength by means of a rational dietary, the fat returned in excess once more. Now, the secret of the success of the Antipon treatment is that while the superabundant and unhealthy fatty matter is being rapidly absorbed and thrown out of the system the disheartening tendency to undue fat development is being destroyed, so that at the end of the treatment the doses may be discontinued with the assurance that with an ordinary prudent mode of living the weight will continue normal. Some people seem to put on flesh however sparing their diet may be. Antipon very effectively remedies that distressing constitutional tendency.

### The Great Tonic Value of Antipon.

Not less invaluable than its wonderful fat-absorbent powers are the admirable tonic properties of Antipon. It tones up the whole organism and has an especially beneficial effect upon the digestive system. Digestion, assimilation and nutrition, always seriously interfered with by extreme fatness, become once more normal. A keen appetite is promoted, and as the rational amount of good nourishing food is properly digested and assimilated, it stands to reason that the blood is enriched, and that renewed strength must be the welcome result. Muscular tissue, nerve tissue, bone tissue, brain tissue—all are strengthened and increased with infinite benefit to health and vitality. It will thus be seen that food—good wholesome food eaten with hearty enjoyment—becomes

Antipon's ally—its only ally, for no drugs or cathartics enter into the treatment at all. There are no irksome dietary restrictions to observe; no exhausting exercises, no sweating abuses. Everything about the Antipon treatment is pleasant, simple, and easy. It can be followed with the strictest privacy. Even when dining out no unusual refusal of any particular dish need call attention to the fact that a special *régime* is *de rigueur*.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c., or, in case of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

### Surprising Reductive Powers of Antipon.

In some of the most pronounced cases of obesity the reductive powers of Antipon seem to be quite miraculous, as much as 3 lb. being the decrease within a day and a night of taking the first dose. In ordinary cases from 8 oz. upwards may be relied upon. After this initial reduction there is a steady daily diminution until complete and lasting cure. It is not only in the abdominal region that the decrease in size is apparent. Every part of the body where fat-development has been abnormal undergoes a clearance, so to speak, of excessive fatty matter. The waist becomes elegant, the hips shapely, the limbs firm and beautifully moulded; the cheeks lose their puffiness, the double chin subsides into correct natural outlines. Another feature is that the reduction leaves no wrinkles, because Antipon has a very beneficial tonic effect upon the skin. The skin performs a very important duty in freeing the system of impurities. With very stout people this action is much impeded, the pores of the skin failing to act in a natural way. Antipon corrects this, and the skin, once more acting normally, resumes its healthy appearance; the complexion is clear and roseate, and surface blemishes on the body gradually disappear, leaving the skin clear and pure.

### Some Vital Considerations.

Whilst re-beautifying the outward appearance, Antipon performs another and still more important duty. Excessive stoutness is a constant menace, not only to health, but to life itself, for the internal organs are impregnated with fatty deposits which impede their action. For instance, the muscles of the heart become soft and

flabby, just as the muscles of the arms become soft and flabby through fatty excess, and in this condition cannot expand and contract in a natural way. This is called "fatty degeneration of the heart," from which a fatal result not infrequently ensues. The lungs, too, cannot expand to their full capacity. Hence the difficulty in breathing from which stout people suffer so much. The liver and kidneys are also hampered in their action by the abnormal growths of fatty matter. How can any stout person enjoy health under such conditions? However, a course of Antipon will soon improve matters, and finally leave the vital organs in as healthy a condition as could be desired.

To sum up, the world now possesses in Antipon the most perfect remedy for the permanent cure for corpulence ever discovered. It is regarded by every competent authority as "the standard remedy," and it is difficult to conceive how science can improve upon it. That any person, from being excessively stout for years, can be reduced to graceful proportions and normal weight, and be thoroughly reinvigorated and reinvigorated at the same time, is a boon for which many would sacrifice a small fortune. Yet Antipon will do this for comparatively little, and make life once more enjoyable. The Antipon treatment has only to be tried to prove its wonderful efficacy from the very beginning.

### Antipon and the British Press.

Since Antipon became generally known and recognised by all competent authorities as the standard remedy for the permanent cure for corpulence, the Press of the United Kingdom has given to the world many glowing accounts of the extraordinary benefits derived from this wonderful treatment. Such influential organs as "The Illustrated London News," "The Lady's Pictorial," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," "The Daily Mirror," "The Illustrated Mail," "The Sketch," "Great Thoughts," "The Methodist Recorder," "The Penny Illustrated Paper," "Weldon's Ladies' Journal," "The Young Ladies' Journal," "Lady's Realm," "Christian Age," "Woman," "The Idler," "Bristol Daily Mercury," "Sheffield Daily Independent," are amongst the leading papers and magazines which have cordially recommended Antipon to their stout readers, and have contributed to the brilliant success of this simple, harmless, pleasant, and truly efficacious treatment. Hundreds of letters from private persons—testimonials which are carefully preserved at the offices of the Antipon Company—endorse all that has been said of Antipon in the British Press.

Colonial readers of "The Illustrated London News" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by wholesale druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, should difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount), under private package, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.



‘No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.’

# THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

‘We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.’—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

*It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.*

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

## NATURE'S LAWS.

‘Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.’—MILTON.

“Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, *more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board, is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us, We know that his play is always fair, *just, and patient*. But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

“My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

“The great mass of mankind are the ‘Poll,’ who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

“Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. *It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*”—HUXLEY.

“*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.”—T. CARLYLE.

“INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.”—Goethe.  
SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:

“Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.”

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's ‘Fruit Salt’ is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's ‘Fruit Salt’ is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's ‘Fruit Salt,’ which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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## ART NOTES.

AN Academy in little will be found opposite Burlington House at the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters. Here, too, is the artificial air that comes with the costume-picture, with the insincere landscape, with the staring, uneasy portrait, that must be breathed officially once a year, and may be inhaled just as often as it pleases anyone to visit any miscellaneous exhibition of contemporary painting. All the same, the rôle of Jack Horner can be generally played with a share of success; nor are plums infrequent in the present Piccadilly pie. Had it not been seen elsewhere but a short while ago, Mr. Sargent's "Venetian Tavern" would have been a very great "find." Familiar, it is yet the most surprising, exciting picture on the walls.

No doubt, in this very exhibition the Venice of convention and the picturesque Venetian of cheap imagination may be found—we did not notice, having learnt to close the eyes against the tedious commonplaces of the Galleries. Mr. Sargent's Venetians are commonplace, if you will, but not tedious; for his girls of Venice have the dignity of their class, the splendid colouring of the people; his tavern is just such a *trattoria* as any wanderer in the Giudecca may come upon, and, if he be an alien, learn much of the Venice which is neither of fiction—nor the water-colour. Onions hang over the black-haired heads of Sargent's four girls, roughest red wine is in their glasses, and on their shoulders are the familiar comely black shawls; but in their bearing is the grace of composure. It is a picture of magic tone and colour, each brilliant face taking its right place in the admirably studied interior light. Mr. Sargent's rapid methods must have stood him in good stead in a *trattoria* that doubtless had its loungers at the artist's elbow; its rough red wine was perhaps proffered him by the onlookers, for Italians are quick to admire technical skill; and one who so highly appreciated the tavern's colour, its onions, its ease, its every look, must surely have appreciated its vintage.

Jack Horner's thumb meets with quite a bevy of plums on the north wall of the South Gallery. Next to the

"Venetian Tavern" are Mr. Wetherbee's two charming canvases and Mr. Harold Knight's "Drinking Coffee." Mr. Henley said that the belfry of St. Mary's in the Strand was a madrigal in stone; it may also be said that Mr. Wetherbee's pictures are madrigals in paint. He never fails in the gay idyllic quality that so distinguishes his work. The beautiful "Forsaken

ship bent upon its purpose grave. There would seem to be less reason for the intensity of Mr. Cayley Robinson's manner in his other picture, "The Waning Day." Lamplight is quietly supplanting daylight in the room; a child already sleeps; another dreamily turns the pages of a book; an elder girl rises from her embroidering with a look of sadness; a fourth and mature figure stands watching. There is no purpose, no thought, in the picture, which yet has the look of being crowded with symbolism. Nowadays to be "intense" does not earn the jibe that Du Maurier invented, and though Mr. Cayley Robinson's people could not walk in Oxford Street unless they awoke to the realities of life, and would certainly be blamed for many collisions, they are real in their own vague, meditative way. W. M.

The Poor Children's Yuletide Association has been founded to provide Christmas-trees, laden with toys and other suitable gifts, for the children of slum parishes and mission centres, irrespective of sect. It is thought that whilst hospitals and orphanages are well looked after at Christmas-time, the poor children living at home in the slums are apt to be often overlooked. The patrons already include the Bishop of Kensington, the (R.C.) Bishop of Southwark, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Lonsborough, Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, the Hon. Harry Lawson, Mrs. Arthur Lee, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode, and Sir William P. Treloar. The Secretary of the Society is Mr. P. S. Bruff, of Byron House, Fleet Street, E.C.

An interesting and successful concert was given in the White Room at the Savoy Hotel on October 11, when the Gramophone Company brought forward some new records made by Madame Melba. By means of these posterity will be enabled to listen to the lovely tones of the Australian cantatrice, for, happily, no matter what the number of impressions taken, the gramophone record loses none of its effectiveness, the last "print" being, indeed, as satisfying as the original. It was speedily evident that the representatives of the gramophone had had the good fortune to find Madame Melba in specially good voice when she sang for record purposes.



THE "SCOUT" CAR IN THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY.

This car, by Messrs. Dean and Burden Brothers, was one of the few with an actual touring body in the recent race. The driver, Mr. J. Percy Dean, finished ninth.

Sea-Maid" has more than one companion in this exhibition, which is curiously rich in marine pieces of merit. Mr. Cayley Robinson in "The Outward Bound" has struck the gong of imagination; it vibrates through all the canvas, through the star-light, the still waters, the look of silence everywhere, and the curious figure of the man—meditative in every line of his body—watching from his lonely rowing-boat a distant

listen to the lovely tones of the Australian cantatrice, for, happily, no matter what the number of impressions taken, the gramophone record loses none of its effectiveness, the last "print" being, indeed, as satisfying as the original. It was speedily evident that the representatives of the gramophone had had the good fortune to find Madame Melba in specially good voice when she sang for record purposes.



. The .

## Vanderbilt Cup.

October 6th, 1906.

Winner—	WAGNER,	on a	DARRACQ,
2nd	—LANCIA,	„	F. I. A. T.,
3rd	—DURAY,	„	DE DIETRICH,
4th	—A. CLÉMENT	„	BAYARD-CLÉMENT,

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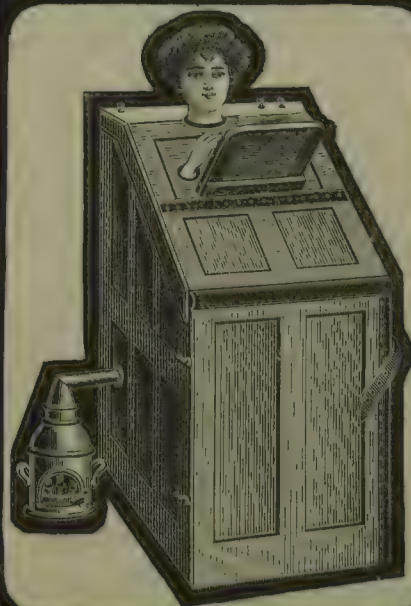
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Paderewski's rendition may be compared with Bauer's, Moszkow-  
ski's interpretation with Strauss's, and so on. And the knowledge  
that authoritative interpretations are always at hand must add largely  
to the benefit and enjoyment derivable from pianoforte playing, not to  
mention the value of this invention from the educational point of view.

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## LADIES' PAGES.

MANY people have been brought back to town by the several smart weddings that have taken place in the last fortnight. The most interesting, perhaps, was that of Lord Crewe's daughter, Lady Celia, with Captain Coates, of the 15th Hussars, son of the M.P. for Lewisham. The bridesmaids' black hats were a precedent in their line. It has long ceased to be considered unlucky for the guests to wear the mourning colour at a wedding, as was once the notion, but it is quite a novelty for the bride to choose black for a portion of her maiden attendants' costume. The gowns in this instance were of pale emerald-green *ninon-de-soie*, with battlemented hems, and also belts and bretelles, of satin. The large picture-hats were in black velvet, trimmed with black ostrich plumes and tulle, long ends of this delicate material depending from the back of each hat nearly to the wearer's waist. The bridesmaids also had neckbands of black velvet ribbon on which glittered diamond slides, these being the bridegroom's gifts to the attendant young ladies. Their bouquets of pink carnations were also tied up with black velvet ribbon in big bows with long ends. There were two tiny bridesmaids of four summers each, who were all in white, with wreaths of ivy-leaves, and in their case the diamond slides were placed on white velvet ribbon. The bride wore the usual white satin gown trimmed with old lace; the cross-over corsage was edged by a fichu of Brussels lace, and had a small vest of tucked net; the veil was a very long tulle one edged round with old lace. Lady Crewe, the bride's youthful stepmother, looked very distinguished in her favourite colour, pale grey-blue. The material was chiffon velvet, with a vest of priceless old rose point caught down on the corsage by tiny rosettes of silver tissue. The hat was a small one of "Beefeater" style, made in the same blue velvet as the dress and trimmed with a fine white ostrich-feather falling over at the side. With her Ladyship walked the bride's sister, Lady Annabel O'Neill, in a harmonious costume of maiden-hair green taffetas, trimmed with a deep trellis of the same material round the hem and on the lower part of the corsage, and the sleeves. The yoke and vest were of fine old mellow-tinted lace, and the toque worn was white lace and feathers. The bride's going-away gown was in the fashionable wine shade of cloth, with a bodice elaborately compounded of cloth, satin, and chiffon. The under portion of it was draped chiffon, and there was a deep collar of satin with bands of the cloth stitched upon it, all in the same wine colour, but gaining variety by the difference in tone of the textures. The hat was of velvet in the same tone of reddish-purple, with a band of silver galon round the crown and a full feather along one side.

It is with a mixture of amusement and chagrin that I learn from an American paper that we have had in our midst for some time an emissary from the Canadian Government trying to organise a great scheme of



AN AUTUMN COSTUME.

Coat and skirt in dark brown Venetian cloth, with collar and cuffs of velvet, and revers also of velvet covered with guipure lace.

emigration of skilled domestic workers. Considering the scarcity of these useful labourers in our own midst, one feels quite aggrieved at this deliberate effort to filch some of them away, and rather pleased to learn that the emissary has to admit that she has largely failed to remove our trained and skilled maids to the Colony. She observes that she finds that there has been "for the last three or four years" as great a scarcity of good servants in England as for much longer there has been on the American Continent. English mistresses might have told her that the scarcity has been growing for years, ever since girls found it possible to become clerks, elementary school-teachers, telegraphists, sick-nurses, and all the rest of it. The original idea of those who urged and helped the opening of many of these occupations to women was that the daughters of middle-class parents, the educated girls whose fathers cannot provide for them for life, would enter such occupations. But as a fact a large proportion of the clerks and the rest are daughters of artisans, small shopkeepers, and so forth, who at one time would have gone to work in the now despised and detested domestic field. It is hard to see what is to be done to recall young women to a sphere of life that ought to be the happiest because the most congenial for them.

Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall East, are holding one of their periodical sales of table and house linen to which many housewives look forward as a means of replenishing the linen-chest to the best advantage. There are also this time some remarkable bargains in lace curtains; a charming design is one depicted in the special sale catalogue (which will be sent on application) of a Swiss hand-embroidered lace curtain, at the low price of 14s. 9d. the pair. The china and glass department here is also having a special sale, in which toilet-sets vie with table-services for the palm of good quality at wonderfully moderate prices. Everything at Messrs. Hampton's is of high quality and in good taste, so that their bargains are worth securing.

This is a delightful time for the chronicler of Fashion's movements. Every day there is "some new thing" wherewith to amuse the modern Athenian. The hats, for instance, are varied and extremely pretty. Every style of beauty or plainness can be suited, and every degree of taste, from the most showy to the most prim, can be met. There are many tiny hats, oval or "pork-pie" in shape, that eminently suit the few; and there are wide and floppy picture-hats that are as unquestionably the perquisite of another minority. Then for the average woman there are medium sizes, mainly small-brimmed, low-crowned, and prettily, but not surprisingly, trimmed. Never was there more variety of choice. In the ordinary millinery there is no exaggeration this season. There are many startling artificial feathers, tips, or wings to be viewed prancing on hats, it is true, their existence being a moderate concession to the outcry against the use of the plumage of birds in its natural state. The really handsome plumage of the

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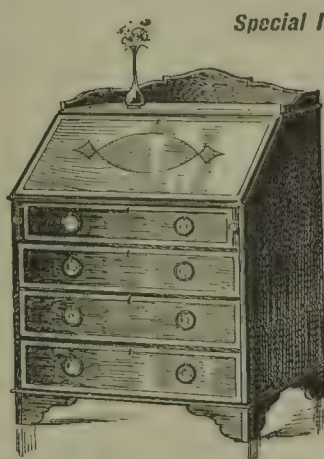


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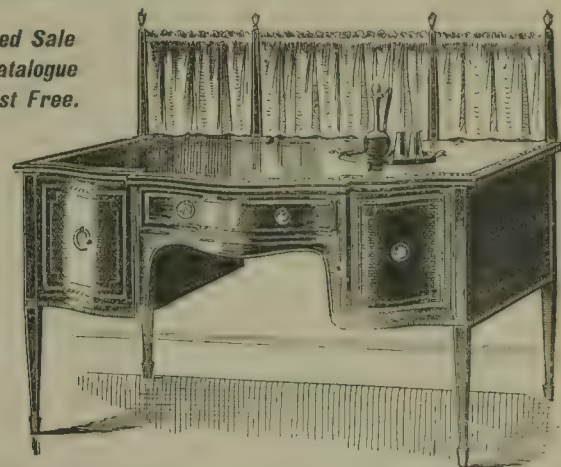
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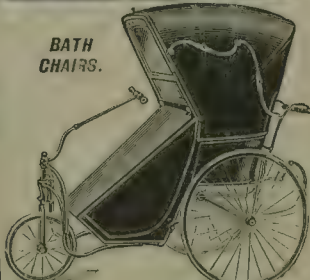
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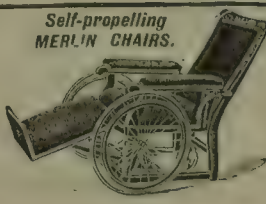
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cock's tail and the splendid product of that of the ostrich are allowed to appear in natural condition, and some hats boldly display bird-of-paradise tails; but the wings and the waving plumes that are seen are nearly always nondescript, made-up affairs, the original source of which is supposed to be the feathers from birds killed for food, treated and transmogrified by the aid of art. Rather harsh results are frequent, both in shapes and colours, in these manufactured tails and tips. Strange indeed is it to note how unerringly Nature combines the strongest tints in birds' plumage, in flowers, in sunsets, and how man blunders and fails in making far less striking contrasts when he mingles shades in his factory dye-pots. Who can object to the scarlets and yellows of the tulip, or do ought but admire with bated breath the mingling of purple and green and gold in a Nile sunset? But in every milliner's window are crude red and yellow dyed feathers, or mixtures of shadings in felt and velvet and flowers, that are distressing to a correct eye.

In this respect French millinery reigns supreme; the colour-sense of the French is highly cultivated, and though on a Parisian hat there may be many colours, even a surprising mixture when closely examined, it is rare to see absolutely crude and distasteful combinations. A Paris model just shown me was an illustration. The foundation on the brim was a light golden-brown chiffon velvet. The crown was a stiff one of tightly drawn dark-brown silk; but this was almost concealed by a vast quantity of bird-of-paradise feathers that waved over it from front to back, their golden yellow shading to brown tints harmonising with the *fond*. Then it was tipped a little over from the left side by a bandeau covered with flowers in gold tissue, and bright-red hips-and-laws in bunches peeping out amidst these. Another Paris hat has a dome-shaped crown of old pink velvet and a brim of mulberry-purple; a stiffly made *ruche* of velvet in Tsar violet shadings goes round the base of the crown, and the trimming consists of miniature dahlias in red tones set in two clusters at either side of the front.

Flowers, I should mention, are being used on the autumnal headgear to an extent that is quite a leading feature. It is, as we all know, the tradition of milliners that there should be a relation between the season's blossoms and those artificially produced and put on millinery. By this rule, dahlias, chrysanthemums, and violets are almost the only wear permissible once September has waned. Not so this season! Roses are positively the most fashionable flower of the moment, and they bloom on felt, silk, and velvet hats as beautifully as if it were July. Every sort of blossom continues to be placed on the hats, but roses are far and away the most fashionable. Then mention must be made of the veils falling down from the back of the hats, and of the popularity of gold and silver fancy galons. The veils in chiffon, plain or spotted, look very nice while new, but have the great drawback of becoming limp very soon with the mere moisture of the atmosphere, far more if the



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hat happens to be worn on a wet day. A wilted and weary looking drapery depending from the hat kills smartness, so it is better to use lace or ribbon.

Ostrich-plumes, however, are the most desirable of all trimmings. For a really smart hat, a good ostrich-feather is practically indispensable. Roses and ribbons may be valuable accessories in the scheme, but the leading point is a great, full ostrich-plume. Some of these resemble feather boas, so long are they; passing all round the hat and then falling nearly to the shoulder, or even below it, at the back or at the side. There is a certain vogue for uncurled ostrich-plumes. They are put upon hats in the condition in which we should at one time have made haste to have them removed and sent to the curler; such are the vagaries of fashion. This particular whimsie is said to owe its origin to a very wet day in Paris last spring. The fashionable world drove home from Longchamp at the end of the proceedings with uncurled feathers in the majority, and the effect was so pleasingly novel as to set a passing fashion. The best uncurled feathers, however, are those which have never been curled; they are new feathers purposely dressed to fall full and soft and fluffy, more like they are on the bird than as the plumassier has been used to prepare them, with curly fronds. Truth to tell, however, an uncurled feather lacks much of the essential soft gracefulness of the curled one, and the latter are still much the more patronised. A fine, well-curled ostrich-feather gives a softness and picturesque beauty to a chapeau with which nothing else can vie. Such feathers are very costly. Less important plumes are in their degree equally desirable for less smart occasions. In truth, a curled feather is little suited to the damp British climate, and a white one has another difficulty to encounter in the dirtiness of the London atmosphere; so a fine plume is only really desirable for a dressy hat, leaving smaller ones to join the made-up tips and wings, and the natural plumage of the cock, the pheasant, and one or two less common birds, to betrim the ordinary headgear.

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has obtained the honour of being charged in the courts with uttering inflammatory speeches, both police and magistrate conspire compassionately to get him acquitted. It is all very laughable, though Mr. Tarpey's stage inexperience prevents him from taking the fullest humorous advantage of his idea; it is delightful, indeed, thanks largely to Mr. Eric Lewis, whose impersonation of the fussy, inconsequent, and almost irresponsible yet wholly lovable "Socialist" prove him, if proof were needed, one of the most accomplished of our light comedians, and could not have been bettered even by Mr. John Hare himself. The Criterion programme is completed by a rather vague one-act play of Miss Gladys Unger's composition, concerned with seaside low life, and entitled "The Lemonade Boy."

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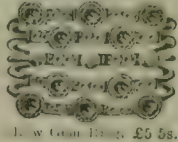
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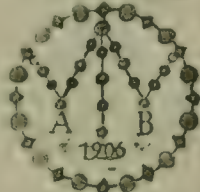
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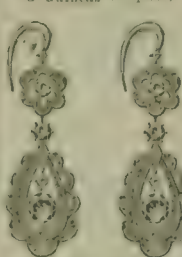
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury made a very interesting speech at Dover at the S.P.G. festival. Dr. Randall Davidson is always at his best on missionary platforms, for he is the personal friend of many of the chief workers in the mission field, and sympathises keenly with their struggles and triumphs. He called attention at Dover to the vast immigration now taking place into the Western States of Canada, and predicted that great portions of that region will be peopled ere long as thickly as England or Scotland is to-day.

Canon MacColl has started for a cruise in the Mediterranean until the beginning of November. He will visit Sicily, Greece, Smyrna, and Constantinople.

The Bishop of Stepney is drawing very large congregations to St. Paul's on Sunday afternoons, and many of the worshippers assemble half an hour before the time of service. Dean Gregory, I am glad to learn, is in good health at present, and was one of the Bishop's hearers on the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

The annual service for seamen at St. Paul's was largely attended, the congregation being composed to a great extent of sailors. Bishop Taylor-Smith preached a stirring sermon from St. Mark vi. 48, the passage

which describes the storm on the Lake of Galilee. It is estimated that 4000 persons listened to the address.

The Archdeacon of London inducted the Rev. W. C. Heaton as Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. The Lord Mayor attended in state, accompanied by the Lord Mayor-elect, Sir William Treloar, and several members of the Court of Common Council.

The *Guardian* publishes an amusing article on "Humours and Trials of the Church Congress," by an Ex-Secretary. The writer has evidently suffered from the eccentricities of some members, such as "the man who, fully six months before the meeting of the Congress, writes to know the best train from a small station in a remote country, and the exact fare"; while another inquires, at the same early date, whether a mayoral reception is probable, and what steps he must take to secure an invitation. At the other extreme comes the man who, on the very eve of the Congress, telegraphs for a ticket and says the money is following.

Canon Holmes, Brother of the Collegiate Hospital of St. Katherine's, Regent's Park, was the preacher at St. Paul's on Sunday morning. It is greatly to be hoped that Canon Holmes, now that he is to settle in London, may often be heard in our largest churches, for he is one of the ablest and most original preachers of the day.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated June 28, 1906) of the REV. SIR BORRADAILE SAVORY, SECOND BARONET, of 66, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, and The Woodlands, Stoke Poges, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Oct. 8 by Sir William Borradaile Savory, the son, the value of the estate being £95,642. Subject to legacies to servants, he leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his son.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1901) of MR. ROGER DE QUINCEY QUINCEY, of Oakwood, Chislehurst, Kent, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Oct. 4 by Edmund de Quincey Quincey, Richard de Quincey Quincey, and Bertram de Quincey Quincey, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £372,915. The testator gives his freehold residence to his son Edmund, and £12,000 each to his sons Richard and Bertram; £3,000 each to his daughters Mary Beatrice, Marion, and Ella; £20,000, in trust, for each of his daughters; furniture of the value of £1,000 to each of his unmarried daughters; and the residue of his property to his sons.

The will (made on March 5, 1905) of MR. ROBERT JOHN KELL, of 3, Brunswick Square, Hove, who died on Sept. 11, was proved on Oct. 5 by Major Waldegrave



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Teeth  
Improve  
Your  
Smile.

Your teeth can be made whiter and more beautiful—decay can be prevented—tartar can be removed—simply by the daily use of

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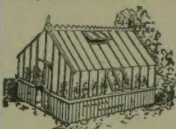
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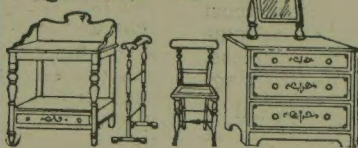
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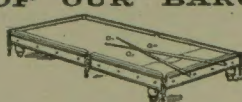


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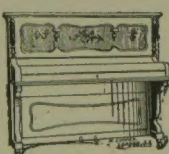
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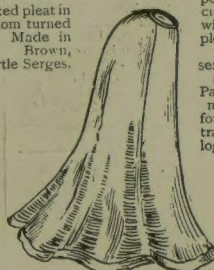
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Charles Fearn Kell, the son, the value of the estate being £126,459. The testator gives £8000 to his daughter Emmeline Matilda, and £8500 to his daughter Constance Amy, together with £200 worth of furniture, etc.; £1000 to his son Robert John, £100 to his wife and £1000 to his children; £1000 to his grandson Vernon George; £500 to his grandson John Christopher; and £500 to his daughter-in-law Stella. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his son Waldegrave Charles Fearn Kell.

The will (dated July 10, 1901) of MR. PHILIP WATSON BRAYBROOKE, of Studley, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 31, has been proved by Henry Mellor Braybrooke and Arthur Philip Braybrooke, the sons, the value of the property amounting to £79,862. The testator gives £500, the household furniture, and the income for life from his real estate to his wife, Mrs. Mary Braybrooke. Subject thereto everything he shall die possessed of is to go to his four children, Henry Mellor, Arthur Philip, William Cecil, and Mabel Mary.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1905) of MR. CHARLES REEVE, of 16, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Oct. 5 by Miss Henrietta Emma Reeve, the niece, Henry Eddowes Keene, Alfred Pope Plante, and Edward Henry Bartlett, the value of the property amounting to £135,130. The testator gives £1000 to the Pension Fund for Widows and Children of

Clerks Dying in the Service of the London and Westminster Bank; £500 each to the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney) and the London Temperance Hospital; £300 to the Institute of Bankers; £4000 to his niece Marianna Holme; £1000 to his niece Adelaide Dag; £500 each to his nephews, Bennett Reeve, John Reeve, and Charles Bretherton Holme; £500 to his niece Ada Reeve; and legacies to executors. All other his estate and effects he leaves to his niece Henrietta Emma Reeve.

The will (dated February 1906) of MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY GEORGE WHITE, of the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, and Lough Eske Castle, Donegal, who died on June 24, has been proved by Captain Herbert Ronald White, the son, and Miss Sybil Georgina White, the daughter, the gross value of the estate being £143,282 5s. 6d. The testator gives £30,000, in trust, for his daughter and her issue; £500, and during her widowhood £800 a year, to his wife; £100 to the Donegal Protestant Orphan Asylum; £300 to the Sustentation Fund of the Lough Eske Protestant Church; £200 each to the executors; and £100, in trust, for keeping in repair the family burying-ground. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his son.

The will (dated May 9, 1906) of MR. LOUIS SPITZEL, of 1, Inverness Terrace, and 62, London Wall, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Oct. 9 by Samuel Spitzel, the

son, and Arthur Edward Abrahams, the value of the estate being £163,775. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Mrs. Tony Spitzel; £5000 to his brother, Adolf Spitzel; £750 to his brother Isaac; £500 each to his sisters Leah and Esther Mendel; an annuity of £100 to his father, Hirsch David Spitzel; and £1000 for such charitable purposes as his executors shall select, so that £500 may go to those connected with the Jewish faith. The residue of his property he leaves as to  $\frac{2}{3}$ , in trust, for his wife;  $\frac{1}{3}$  to his son Samuel;  $\frac{2}{3}$  to each of his sons Jack, Martin, and Cecil, and  $\frac{1}{3}$ , in trust, for each of his daughters Jeanette, Eva, and Lily.

Mr. John Brinsmead, the founder of the firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited, and the oldest living pianoforte-manufacturer, who is generally known as "the Father of the Pianoforte Trade," celebrated his ninety-second birthday with his family at Eastbourne on the 12th inst. Should he live till June next year, he will also celebrate the seventieth anniversary of his wedding-day.

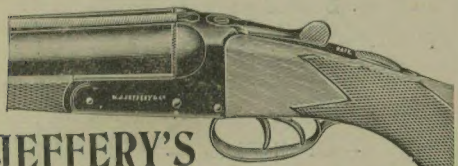
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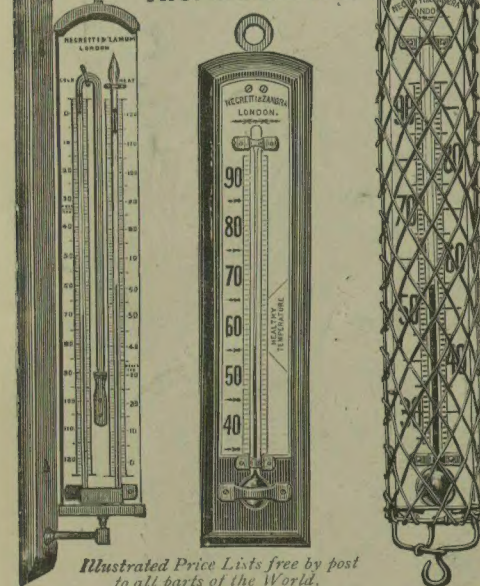
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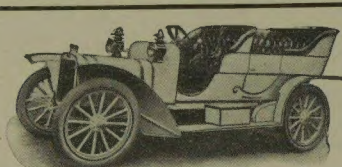
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